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The March Prize Essay—It Won $10

Should the Negro Be Patriotic?

By ARTHUR HUFF FAUSET

If by patriotism we mean the kind of blind love which the Negro has offered lo! these many years at the altars of inequality and social injustice, parading as they are in the deceptive garments of so-called Democracy, then I say without hesitancy that the Negro ought not to be patriotic and that the sooner he spurns all such conceptions of his duty to the nation the sooner will be established for him those conditions of human relationships which may be the basis of a respectable patriotism.

Under patriotism's garlands the Negro has poured his life blood at Boston and Bunker Hill, New Orleans, Gettysburg, San Juan, and the fields of France. For what?

In the name of patriotism the Negro for decades has been voting for the political party of Lincoln. Again, for what?

Patriotism to the worship of religious bigotry, which has become almost an American ideal, has had its share in developing a Negro race of religious sycophants, kow-towing to any frocked creature offering to exchange mansions in heaven for nickels and dimes of near-pagan blacks whose incessant toil under the heat of countless suns has bent their weary backs and sapped their energies. Yet in the zeal of their religious fervor these same near-pagan worshippers are made to hurl ugly epithets and ignorant aspersions at struggling "Chinks," Hindus, Basutos, and the like, for spurning the predigested Christianity which the fattened "civilized" hypocrites attempt to force down their gullets.

In the name of patriotism the Negro turns his back to Lenin and Debs and worships at the feet of Coolidge; in the same name he invokes the wrath of God against Bolsheviks and praises His name for His righteous works in Aiken and Herrin.

Not a little part of the animosity between West Indian and American Negro may be ascribed to patriotism; and we may be assured that in spite of the low estimate which his unstinted response to the call to arms has helped to foster rather than to counteract, his patriotism will cause him to be among the first to protect oil interests in brown Mexico, sugar interests in brown Cuba or the Philippines, mercantile interests in yellow China, or rubber interests in black Liberia. Such is the virulence of this thing administered in the name of patriotism that it blinds its victims to every consideration of human kinship or common sympathy.

This is the patriotism of the unthinking and the cowardly. Intelligence, truth, moral fearlessness and real courage have no places in such a conception of duty to country. Why, then, should the Negro bow down before craven idols when the highest standards are enlisting the brave in a mighty adventure which shall secure international amity and honest-to-goodness opportunity for all classes and not for one class only?

(*Continued on page* 104)

Next Month!

Can the American Race Problem Be Solved?

How? Why?

Either it can or it cannot.

If it **can** be solved, we should ascertain in what way, when and at what price.

If it **cannot** be solved, then we should reason out a sensible course of action.

Men like Dowd and Reuter have written voluminous tomes on the so-called Negro problem only to conclude that it is beyond solution.

There are Negroes and whites who believe that the Race Problem in America can be solved either by Religion, Amalgamation, Economic Independence, Segregation, Emigration, War, Socialism, Civil War, Malaria, Christian Science, Influenza, Buddhism, Measles, Mohammedism, or some other panacea.

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(d) Name and address must be plainly written in upper left hand corner of each sheet.
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VOLUME IX NUMBER 4

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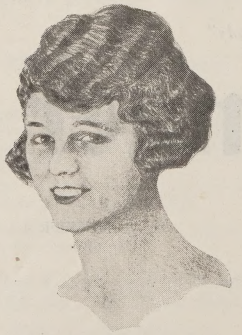

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Prize Essay

(*Continued from page* 102)

The Negro has been "patriotic" long enough. It is vitally necessary now that he develop increasing devotion towards a greater principle than "country right or wrong,"—that genuine love of all human kind which recognizes no barrier, whether this arise through national prerogative or by carnal expediency.

Should the Negro Be Patriotic?

(*The popularity of this subject was proved by the large number of manuscripts we received. Many came in after the time limit had expired, but we were lenient. Unfortunately space is not available to carry the four or five best ones, but a brief summary of them will suffice to show the trend of thought displayed therein.*)

Mr. Clarence Toliver, of Philadelphia, Pa., held that "America is too material a country for a patriotism comparable to that of the more spiritual countries," and that since white Americans are not patriotic, black ones should not be, or pretend to be. He then recited the wrongs inflicted on Negroes in the United States and the different treatment meted out to the Negro in France, and ends by asking how the Negro can be patriotic under such circumstances.

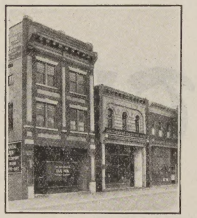
Mr. L. W. Johnson, Roger Williams University, Nashville, Tenn., pointed out that no Negro could be unpatriotic who knew his history in this country and the sacrifices he had and is making, and that since the Constitution assures him of his citizenship, he cannot but know that he is and thus should be proud of the fact. He concludes that the white American cannot rise without the black rising also, and that consequently the Negro should hold the fort until he gets his rights.

Mr. Eugene Sheldon Norris, Miami, Fla., held that Negroes have paid dearly for their rights in war and peace and that they should continue to struggle; that they cannot afford to be unpatriotic because it would be inexpedient.

Mr. Thos. A. Garcia, Jr., Chicago, Ill., held that "the Negro should exercise the spirit of patriotism that it might be perpetuated for his posterity, with a viewpoint of over-riding the prejudices of the American white man and creating a higher respect for the nobler virtues of men regardless of race or creed." Because the Negro has given so much to America in the past, he should be patriotic out of respect for the sacrifices of his forefathers, and for the purpose of inspiring his children to nobler aspirations.

Miss Mattie Mae Stafford, Los Angeles, Cal., held that the Negro should be patriotic and continue to struggle for the rights and privileges due him as an American citizen; that he should continue firm in the conviction that right will prevail; that despite all he has suffered he should remember that "constant efforts will remove the obstacles heaped in his path."

(*Continued on page* 134)



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Total	$1,204,293.07

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Paid to Policyholders	$ 380,453.39
Investments and other accts.	430,514.44
Cash Bal., Dec. 31, 1926	393,325.24
Total	$1,204,293.07

Assets

Cash Accts.	$ 393,425.24
Mortgages, Bonds & Stocks	164,077.11
Real Estate	374,801.96
Bills Receivable, Accrued Int. and Rent	13,825.57
Total	$ 946,129.88

Liabilities

Capital Stock (fully paid)	$ 100,000.00
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Policy Reserve	275,000.00
Surplus	516,521.24
Total	$ 946,129.88

Capital and Surplus..... $616,521.24
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BODIES IN THE MOONLIGHT

By LANGSTON HUGHES

Two Men and a Girl Under the African Stars

The first short story by the author of "The Weary Blues" and "Fine Clothes to the Jew"

Drawn by Wilbert Holloway

NUNUMA

SAILORS call it the Fever Coast—that two or three thousand miles of West Africa from Senegal to Loanda.

For four weeks now our ship had been anchored "in the stream" loading cocoa beans. There had been some mix-up in the schedule and the old man had no orders to move on. Six of our men had been sent ashore with tropic fever to the European Hospital. The potatoes were running out and the captain no longer issued money tc his mixed crew. The sun blazed by day and the moon shone at night and more men fell ill with the fever. Or developed venereal diseases. And there our steamer lay tossing wearily in the blue water, a half mile off the coast beyond the beating surf.

At eighteen when one is a rover, the world is wonderful—I was a messboy on my first trip to sea. I had thrown all my school books overboard and for several months I had not written to my parents. People I had known as a boy had not been kind to me, I thought, but now I was free. The sea had taken me like a mother and a freight ship named the "West Illana" had become my home.

The sun was setting, and the sea and sky were all stained with blood. With a wet cloth full of soap powder, I scoured the sink in my mess pantry where I had just finished washing the dinner dishes. Then I went into the saloon and closed the port holes. The water was purple now and the sky blue-violet. The first stars popped out. The chief mate came down looking for his cap. It was on the deck under the table and he stooped to pick it up.

"Christ, mess, I'm tired o' this damn place," he said. Then, "Did ya leave any ginger cakes out for lunch tonight?"

"No," I replied. "The steward didn't gimme any."

"Lousy runt! Food must be gettin' low." I heard the chief mate going up the iron stairs to his room. I threw my white coat in a drawer of the buffet, carefully concealed a flat can of salmon in my shirt, and went on deck. It was dark.

"Goin' ashore?" the young Swede on watch at the gang plank called out.

"Sure," I replied.

"Well, I ain't. Them women over there's got me burnt up. You and Porto Rico better watch out!"

"You the one that oughta been careful," I laughed back. "Jesus, you're dumb! Porto Rico and I are in love."

"Yea, and with the same girl," said the Swede. *"You* had better watch out now."

I went on down the deck past the lighted ports of the engineers' rooms and around to the door of the officers' mess.

"Ain't you through yet?" I said.

"Hell, no! The damn bo's'un was late comin' to eat again but the way I told him about it, he won't be late no more." Porto Rico was washing knives and forks in a very dirty bucket of water. *"Cabrôn!"* he said. "Just when I wanted to go ashore!" As though he didn't go ashore every night.

"I'm goin' on back aft. Hurry up and we'll catch the next boat when it comes out. I s'pose you gonna see her, too. . . . What you gonna take her tonight?"

"Hombre!" Then in a whisper, "Couldn't save a damn thing but a hunk o' bread today. Looks like to me in two weeks won't be nothin' to eat on this tank. Ain't much here now—but I got a bar o' soap to give that mutty boatman if he takes us ashore. I'm gonna. . . ."

The conversation died as the steward came down the corridor. He stepped into the galley where the Jamaican cooks were peeling potatoes. I went on back aft. Five bells.

FOR a cake of soap as payment we were paddled ashore. An African in a loincloth at either end, Porto Rico and I in the middle, we sat in a narrow little canoe so deep in water that one momentarily expected it to fill with the sea and sink. Under the stars. The ocean deep and evil. The lights of the "West Illana" at our stern. The palm-fringed line of shore and the boom of surf ahead. Off on the edge of the water the moon rose round, golden, and lazy. The sky seemed heavy with its weight of stars and the sea deep and weary, lipping the sides of the little boat.

"Estoy cansado," said Porto Rico.

"I wish I was back in New York. I swear I do," I said. "Damn Nunuma."

But the excitement of landing in the surf loosened us from our momentary melancholy and we stood on the sand not far from the line of palm trees. The canoe and its two silent natives put to sea again. "Gimme a cigarette." Feet crossing the hard stand. "Gimme a cigarette." We were going to see Nunuma.

Nunuma—because I remember her I write this story. Because of her and the scar across my throat. At eighteen, women are strange bodies, strange, taunting, desirable bodies. Flesh and spirit. And the song is in the flesh even more than in the spirit.

We saw Nunuma the first day my "buddy" and I went ashore at Lonbar. A slender dark young girl, ripe breasts bare, a single strip of cloth about her body, squatted on her heels behind a pile of yams in the public square. There were many old women and young girls in the market place, but none other like Nunuma, delicate and lovely as a jungle flower, beautiful as a poem.

"O, you sweetie," said Porto Rico. "Some broad," said Mike from Newark. And the sailors bought all her yams.

That night when we came ashore again, a little barefoot boy, professional guide, showed Porto Rico and me to Nunuma's house—the usual native hut with its thatched roof and low eaves. She stood in the door-way, bright cloth about her body, face dusk-bronze in the moonlight. O, lovely flower growing too near the sea! Sailors must have passed her way before that night, but Nunuma had received none of them. "Me no like white sailor man," she explained later in her West African English. "He rough and mean."

The little boy guide patted off down the grassy road, coin in hand. "Hello, kid." In a few minutes another girl appeared from somewhere, joined us, and we sat down together in front of the hut. We four. The other girl never told her name. She was solid and well-built, but not beautiful like Nunuma. There wasn't much to say. Hands touch. Lips touch. The moon burned. By and by we went into the hut. . . . In the morning Porto Rico and I gave each of the girls two shillings when we left.

WIDE and white and cool the dawn as the slender native canoe paddled us back to the ship an hour before breakfast. Wide and cool and green the morning sea as the white sun shot up. The "West Illana" lay solemnly at anchor. We paid the boatman and were about to climb the gang-way stairs when a black girl ran down. "Get the hell off here!" It was the third mate's voice. "I should think the men would see enough o' you women on shore without bringing you on the damn ship. Don't lemme catch you here again," and he swore roundly several great seaman's oaths. The woman was very much frightened. She chattered to the boatmen as they paddled away and her hands trembled. She was fat. Her face was not beautiful like Nunuma's.

That day the sun boiled. The winches rattled with their loads of cocoa beans lifted from native boats. The Kru-boys chipped the deck. And two sailors fell ill with the fever. That night Porto Rico and I went to see Nunuma—and the other girl. Neither one of us cared about the name of the other girl. She was just a body—a used thing of the port towns.

Days, nights. Nights, days. The vast impersonal African sky, now full of stars, now white with sun. The "West Illana" quiet and sober. Cocoa beans all loaded. Six men with fever ashore in the hospital. No orders. The captain impatient. Mahogany logs to load in Gran Basam. Christ, when are we moving on? The chief cook sick with a disease of the whore houses. Steward worried about the food running low. "Nobody but a fool goes to sea anyhow," says the bo's'un.

Porto Rico and I were ashore every night. Almost every afternoon between meals—ashore. . . . Nunuma. Nunuma. . . . O, mother of God! . . . Sometimes I see her alone. Sometimes she and Porto Rico, I and the other girl are together. Sometimes she and Porto Rico alone are with each other. . . . Nunuma! Nunuma! . . . I have given her the red slippers I bought in Dakar. Porto Rico has given her the Spanish shawl he picked up at Cadiz coming down. And now that we have no money we smuggle her stolen food from the ship's pantries. And Porto Rico gave her a string of beads.

He is my friend but I wish he wouldn't put his hands on Nunuma. Nunuma is beautiful and Porto Rico is not a man to know beauty. Besides he is jealous. One morning in the galley he asked me why I didn't fool with the other girl sometimes and leave him Nunuma alone. "You don't own the woman, do you?" I demanded. His large hands slowly clenched to fists and a sneer crossed his face. "Fight!" yelled the second cook. "Hell," I said, "We ain't gonna fight about a port-town girl." "No," he replied, and smiled.

"You bloody young niggers," said the old Jamaican baker.

Nunuma was beautiful. Nunuma's face was like a flower in the moonlight and her body soft and slender. At eighteen one has not known many soft bodies of women. One has not often kissed lips like the petals of pansies—unless one has been a sailor like Porto Rico. Porto Rico, hard, and rough, and strong, with a knowledge of women in half the port towns of the world. Porto Rico, who did not know that Nunuma's face was like a flower in the moonlight. Who did not care that her body was soft and tender. I wanted Porto Rico to keep his hands off Nunuma's body. He shouldn't touch her. He who had known so many dirty women. . . . Yet Porto Rico was my friend. . . . But Nunuma was beautiful. At eighteen one can go mad over the beauty of a woman. And forget a friend. . . . I believe I loved Nunuma.

FEET crossing the dry sand. We were going to see her. "Gimme a cigarette," I repeated. Feet crossing the dry sand carrying one to the line of palm trees, carrying one to the grassy roads running between the thatched huts. Native fires gleaming, sailors in white pants drinking palm wine and feeling the breasts of girls, laughing. Africans with bare black feet, single cloths about their bodies, walking under the moon. The ship's carpenter drunk beneath a mango tree.

"Say, mess, did you hear the news?" calls the young wireless-man and the super-cargo who are passing in the road. We stop. "No," says Porto Rico. "What is it?"

"Haul anchor tomorrow for Gran Basam. Old Man's glad as hell," says the wireless.

"Lord knows I am," adds the super-cargo. "Die before I'd make another trip down this coast."

Sailing in the morning. . . . Nunuma. Nunuma. . . . Gran Basam, Accra, Freetown, Cape Verde Islands, New York. . . . Nunuma! Nunuma! . . . Sailing in the morning.

She is standing in her doorway, the Spanish shawl wrapped about her body instead of the customary bright cloth. Her lips are red and her face like a flower, dusk-dark in the moonlight. "'Lo kid," she smiles.

"You're vamping the boys tonight."

"Look just like Broadway."

"Me no like white sailor man."

Bantering talk.

Grotesque gifts to offer an African flower-girl—Porto Rico undoes his half loaf of bread and extends it awkwardly. I take a flat can of salmon from inside my shirt. We offer them both. She laughs and takes them inside the hut. Silence. When she comes out we sit down on the ground. And she is in the middle between we two men. The other girl is not there. Nunuma's body is slender and brown. She sings a tribal song about the moon. She points to the moon. Hands touch. Lips touch. A dusk-dark girl in the golden night, my buddy and I.

"We're sailing in the morning," I said.

"Yep, we haul anchor," added Porto Rico. "We leave."

"Mornin' go? In mornin' ship he go?" Nunuma's eyes grew wide in the moonlight. "Then you love me tonight," she said. "You love me tonight." And her lips were like flower petals. But she clasped her hands and the dark face looked into the moonlight. Her warm brown body sat between us. Her twin breasts pointed into the moonlight. Her slender feet in red slippers. Her eyes looking at the moon.

"You go back to the ship," said Porto Rico to me, "And get your sleep."

"No," I said.

"Go back to the ship, kid." He and I both rose. One can be a fool over a woman at eighteen.

"I won't go back! You can't make me!" My hand sought the clasp-knife in my pocket.

"*Hijo de la. . . .*" he began an oath in Spanish and his lips trembled.

Like a dart of moonlight, Nunuma ran, without a scream, into her hut.

"Keep your hands off her," I shouted. "Keep your damn dirty hands off her!"

Before my fingers could leave my pocket, something silver flashed in the pale light. A flood of oaths in English and Spanish drenched my ears. And a warm red fluid ran from my throat, stained and spread on the whiteness of my shirt, dripped on my suddenly weak and useless hands.

"Keep your hands . . . off . . . her," I stammered. "Keep your hands off . . . Nunuma." And I fell face forward in the grass and dug my fingers in the earth and cried, "Keep your damn dirty hands off her," until the world lurched and grew dark. And all the stars fell down.

At sea in a bunk with a bandage about my neck. Porto Rico saying, "Jesus, kid, you know I didn't mean to do it. I was crazy, that's all." White caps of waves through the port holes. White blazing sun in the sky. Those things are almost forgotten now—but the scar, and the memory of Nunuma, make me write this story.

See Page 102 for
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NECESSITY OF NEGRO BANKS

DIFFICULTIES AND PROBLEMS

By WILSON LOVETT

President First Standard Bank, Louisville, Ky.

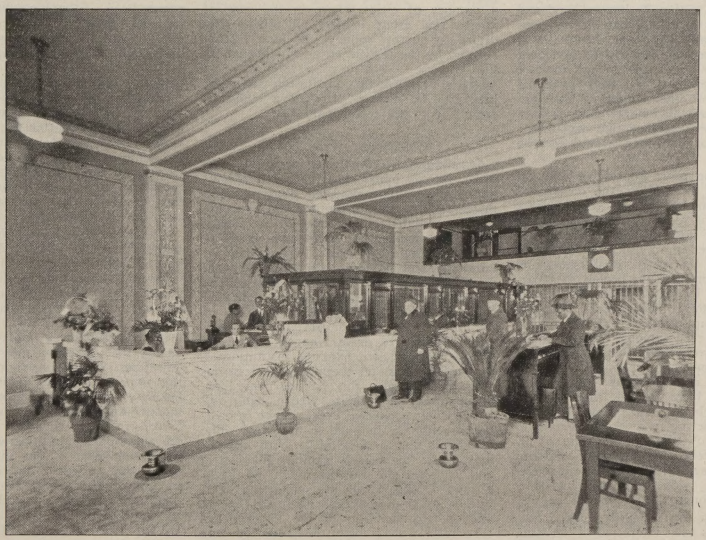
SOME of the conditions which necessitate the establishment of banks owned and operated by Negroes do not, of course, prevail to the same degree in all centers of Negro population. Those closely in touch with conditions have what I believe to be a well founded belief, that within the next ten years the financial and industrial progress of Negroes in America will far exceed anything that has gone before.

One of the most important phases of this development is the establishment of banks owned and controlled by Negroes, and particularly the service which such institutions can render to their community. As an illustration of such service, I have in mind the establishment of a banking institution some five or six years ago in a city having a Negro population of some forty thousand. Since its establishment this bank has directly aided in the financing and organization of two Old Line Legal Reserve life insurance companies, with present resources in excess of two million dollars; has aided in the organization of three building and loan associations; has assisted in the financing of more than two hundred and fifty businesses, corporate and otherwise, controlled and owned by Negroes—among which are the following: Broom factory, department store, ice cream factory, shirt factory, grocery stores, shoe shops, garages, taxi line, etc.—not to mention the financing of churches and home building to the extent of more than a million dollars. The establishment of the bank referred to was also the inspiration for the organization of still another bank in the same city with present resources of half a million—and for the organization of dozens of smaller businesses of various kinds. Not the least of its benefits has been inspirational value; the generating of a spirit of self-confidence; an increased measure of self-respect, as well as greater consideration and respect on the part of other groups.

In many communities where thousands of colored people, as well as churches, lodges and other organizations have funds on deposit in white banks, colored people find at times considerable difficulty in securing loans, or adequate financial backing for business. These same funds are, however, loaned out to white individuals and business institutions, thus enabling them to increase their own opportunities by thus employing the money deposited by Negroes. Banking establishments, where the Negro population justifies it, under competent management, would gather into a financial reservoir the deposits of colored people so that this money may, in turn, be used to advance their business and personal affairs and encourage their economic development.

In the establishment of Negro Banks there is, of course, the quite human desire to build a profitable business and to create positions of influence and power. Few colored men have an opportunity to get in on the "ground floor" of banks or other financial institutions organized by other groups, or to attain within such an institution a position of power, influence or service. Also, it is far easier to interest ones own group in such an organization that it is to interest members of another group or members of different races or nationalities. It cannot be denied that business institutions organized along strictly racial lines do, in some degree, carry out the idea of segregation, even though it be voluntary segregation. In theory the better way would be to organize a bank in a particular community and include the necessary elements irrespective of race. Churches, lodges, etc., are forms of voluntary segregation (in some degree). Since this condition already exists in other activities, it would appear to be the part of wisdom to take advantage of the same factors, and wield together into a strong financial unit the resources of colored people.

The gathering together of large funds



INTERIOR FIRST STANDARD BANK, LOUISVILLE, KY.

by Negro banks, competently managed and directed serves a number of good purposes. Such a bank among colored people does more to promote thrift because the management is usually better acquainted with the bank's customers; is able to get closer to them and has a more sympathetic attitude toward their problems. Even in sections of the country where the best and most liberal spirit prevails, it would seem quite natural there where all banks are organized and managed by whites—other things being equal—when it comes to assisting members of the community in business or otherwise, first choice for the use of the bank's funds would be given to fellow members of the same group. Very likely the same thing would prove true if the situation of whites and Negroes was reversed. Those belonging to the same group would be members of the same clubs, the same churches and the same race as those having control of such funds and within certain limits, these controlling powers are going to first favor their lodge brothers, their fellow church members, their brothers-in-law—including white merchants and white business institutions all along the line. It would seem natural that—within certain limits of good business judgment——the white man who exerts financial power is going to look with a more sympathetic eye on the establishment of and the financial support of those institutions the secretary of which may marry his daughter or whose president is a member of his golf club or whose stockholders are more or less tied up with his own group or race interest.

It cannot be denied that at times colored people pay a pretty high price for the privilege of being colored. There was recently completed a very beautiful church in Cincinnati, Ohio, at a cost of $160,000. Upon application to a nationally known bond and mortgage house to make a loan on the property (the company being one that makes a specialty of church property), the president of the company was frank enough to state that while the property was well worth the loan desired, and other conditions satisfactory, his company had never made a loan on Negro property and on that account he was afraid that the loan would not be granted.

Power of the most impressive and effective sort is exerted by the control of great sums of money gathered together in a sort of financial reservoir by banking and other financial institutions. This power cannot be exerted in an effective way by individuals with control of small sums and can best be exerted to the benefit of a particular group by a consolidation and a gathering together of such funds from the individual group members. This is aptly demonstrated even among whites themselves. The Brotherhood Banks which have had such phenomenal success have been established and conducted by railway employees, who have pooled their money. These Brotherhood Banks have been the means of furthering in a very material way the interests of this special group of industrial workers—even though existing banks and financial institutions are managed and controlled by the same race to which this group belongs.

Having been born in New York, I have for some years been interested in the situation as it exists in Harlem with particular reference to business development. As is well known there is gathered in Harlem perhaps the largest number of Negroes in any single community in the world. New York is well known for its liberal spirit, and Negro business men in New York City have enjoyed in some instances splendid banking connections and support—with particular reference to real estate operations. It appears that the few banks located in Harlem are generally branches of main banks, and in the case of branch banks it is usually the case that any question as to the granting of larger loans must be referred to the main office. Such officials cannot always be expected to have quite as sympathetic an attitude toward the community, and particularly toward racial development as would possibly be true of a bank organized by responsible business men of the community. It follows, logically, of course, that the resources of the local bank might be smaller—but this is part of the price which it might be necessary to pay for control.

It has been the experience of numbers of Negroes, both as individuals and representing business institutions, that when money gets tight their loans are the first called. Negroes in many sections have also found themselves heavily handicapped when it came to financing the purchase of property, especially has this been true when he wishes to buy or build in any section not definitely classed as a Negro district. This is also true when it comes to loans for the constructions of apartments, churches, office buildings, etc. In the first place the loan, if granted, is usually not as large as would be true if applied for by whites. Naturally in some cases the lack of business experience and other strictly economic phases do enter into the matter. There are a number of cities where in the case of Negro real estate dealers, or others who desire to borrow money, the loan is first refused by the institution at which application is made——but they are referred to an affiliated or subsidiary institution where the loan may be secured provided a bonus of from 5 to 10 per cent is paid.

Problems of Negro Banks

In addition to the usual banking problems, Negro banks have some problems which are particularly their own. Among these might be set out the problem of securing the confidence and belief of the Negro public in members of their own group to properly conduct a bank. This state of mind (in some sections) can hardly be wondered at when it is considered that all the history of America points to the ability of the white man and the lack of ability of the Negro. No number of failures among white banks will drive Negroes (some of them) to their own banking institutions—they merely transfer their allegiance to another white bank. But, let one poor, lone, unsupported, defenseless Negro bank fail and it would seem that every Negro in business is either a criminal or a moron. The wonder is that so few fail! With, for the most part, inadequate capital, luke-warm and half-hearted support, with no background of experience—no supporting institutions or re-discounting facilities (except one or two members of the Federal Reserve), these are some of the handicaps from which they suffer. Negroes are rapidly recovering from the state of mind which makes this possible. Heretofore, even children in their school books; the histories of warriors, statesmen, business leaders, poets, artists, have had it implanted in their minds that all who have attained positions of eminence are of one color. Conditions have been such that in conducting any sort of business it had to be conducted with whites; those who came in contact with the mayor, the lawyer, the postmaster, bank officers, street car conductors and others in positions of responsibility and authority.

This laudation of things white goes even into the churches and Sunday Schools. Songs tell them they will be washed white as snow; that the devil is black, that white is pure and good and that black is evil. The pictures of all the angels are white and even Christ is pictured as a white man.

Second among the problems of a Negro bank may be stated that of securing trained executives and a trained personnel. Under conditions as they exist it is a source of wonder that the comparatively few Negro banking institutions are operated as well as they are and that the mortality is not higher. This is said with no desire to excuse loose methods either in conduct or management, but simply a desire to face facts. White banks can and do draw from other banks the help they need as well as competent executives. They have schools and institutions that devote themselves exclusively to the training of individuals for entrance into the financial world—and these students have at least a reasonable expectation of securing proper employment and advancement!

A very serious problem which some Negro banks face is due to economic conditions among colored people, which, while improving, has by no means reached its proper level. A bank controlled and patronized most largely by whites may have, say, eight thousand accounts with an average balance of $300.00 each, giving total deposits of $2,400,000.00. I have in mind a banking institution which also has eight thousand accounts but with an average balance of $50.00 per account, making the total deposits $400,000.00; yet this latter bank, which is a Negro bank, must carry the same overhead cost covering its expenses, on total deposits of $400,000.00 as the white banking institution with the same number of accounts and the same overhead cost, but $2,400,000.00 in deposits.

I have knowledge of a Negro bank which up to Christmas of 1926 had accumulated around $40,000.00 in its Christmas Savings Club. A white bank in the same city had accumulated $40,000.00 in its Christmas Savings Club. Upon payment by both banks, the customers of both banks, in large measure, spent these funds with white merchants for Christmas gifts and other holiday items. Following right on the heels of this expenditure, the merchants and other business institutions among whom the money was spent by customers of both banks—re-deposited all of their receipts in the white bank. In other words, the Negro bank had spent a year in accumulating a Christmas Savings Fund of $40,000.00, at the end of which time this money spent by Negroes with white merchants had found its way into the white bank—WHICH BANK AT THE SAME TIME GOT

(*Continued on page* 117)

NEGRO WOMANHOOD'S GREATEST NEEDS

A SYMPOSIUM

Conducted by the leading Negro clubwomen of the United States

The Needs: A larger opportunity opened to her to enter schools of higher education, to be accepted as a student and not as one apart. A broader understanding of other peoples than her own. An economic privilege of filling positions for which she is fitted and capable. The encouragement, confidence and respect of her own race. To exercise her right of Franchise giving careful study and deliberation to legislation. To enter more actively into world activities whenever the opportunity presents itself. To give much thought, deep thought and wise thought to the problems confronting the world in which she is a part. To remember God and have faith in Him. To build strong character by embracing that which is good, noble and pure. To temper her judgments sagely in this great era for the Negro, not to flare up as a meteor then fall into oblivion but be cautious and never forget her tender womanly and great motherly heritage. To hold fast to the highest rung in the ladder of perfect womanhood. To cling to the home, great men and women evolve from the environment of the hearthstone.

(Mrs.) Bonnie Bogle,
Portland, Oregon.

Like all other groups, representing other races and peoples, our women have their special needs. Chief among them I would place respect and protection. When this is entertained and practiced by those of our own group it will naturally and logically be forced upon others with whom we come in contact. I am not unmindful of the necessity of earning this estimate after securing it we must be sure to retain it.

Ours is an age of ambition and progress and our women must be encouraged to keep pace with our sisters of other groups.

Capability forms a large part of one's accomplishments but opportunity is always knocking at every door. One of the lessons we need to learn is that all cannot be leaders—some of us must learn to follow. As much or even more can be accomplished from this position as at the head.

Imitation is one of our greatest gifts. We need to be discreet as to our choosing. We cannot and ought not to adopt all that even appeals to us. Let us be wise in our selections. Let us be kindly in our judgments and keep jealousy, envy and prejudice far from us.

I can never think of a woman as being irreligious. As she has been permitted to enter public life and is filling different vocations, she must remember that her example can wield great influence and she must help others to rise to her station of Godliness.

Loyalty to God, race, man and brother and to a principle are requirements of us all. Our women are learning these things as they are becoming wiser and broader.

In our conferences and deliberations we need to be more thoughtful and sustain only those methods to which we will be loyal and true.

We must be dependable. "My word is my bond" should carry its full meaning and is an excellent slogan to adopt. With our limited opportunities our women have made wonderful progress. We still need greater encouragement and more privileges for our fullest development. May God give us wisdom, patience and perseverance. If we practice these, we will surely win respect, protection and advancement.

(Mrs.) Nattie Langston Napier,
Nashville, Tenn.

Home-Making

One cannot think long on such social problems of today as the divorce evil, separations and juvenile delinquency and not come to the conclusion that there is something radically wrong with the present day home-makers. No doubt a lot of the evil is due to the high tension living that has been typical of the twentieth century. Another explanation may be due to the mental emancipation which is causing such a rebellion against the canons of our forefathers.

The greatest need of our womanhood of today is to train them to make intelligent and efficient home-makers. The actual teaching should begin in the early adolescent when she has her first comprehension of sex.

The best way to prepare a girl for home-making is to prepare her for the duties and responsibilities of parenthood. To have better children we must have parents better prepared to cope intelligently and understandingly with the present day conditions and their effect on home life. The parent must be sympathetic, she should be conversant with the social problems of today and know the fundamentals of child psychology. For this reason as well as for her own betterment the young woman should get a college education when financial conditions permit. Failing in this, get a high school education or a course in domestic science. Home economics should be studied and the home run on a budget system.

The real art of home-making is to have contentment at home; making the home so attractive and pleasant that the members of your household prefer spending their evenings at home rather than on the street corners, pool rooms, dance halls or other unsavory hangouts.

Be always in close contact with your children, do not take too much for granted. Try to interest yourself in their play, their friends, their thoughts and ambitions. Teach them self-reliance and rear them to the Christian way of thinking.

The family is the unit of society. No chain is stronger than its weakest link. Let every woman, young and old, develop the five requisites of good homemaking which are, education, religion, tolerance, domestic harmony and common sense and apply these judiciously to her home life and she will be rewarded by a happy and contented family circle. Around such families we will build a race that will weather the turbulent seas ahead.

(Mrs.) Ella Phillips Stewart,
Toledo, Ohio.

The greatest needs of Negro womanhood today are *vision,* or the realization of the powers within herself and their possibilities of achievement material and spiritual; *organization,* in order that these possibilities may become realities; and a *deeper appreciation of her value* by those for whom she works whether in the home or in public service based upon a fundamental need of all women—love.

Suppose two million Negro women could be led to see how much they could help to create avenues of employment for themselves by purchasing articles manufactured by Negroes; by at least sharing their trade with Negro grocers, druggists, dry cleaners, dry goods stores, shoe stores, etc.

Suppose these two million women could be led to see the wisdom of insurance of the various types and in addition supported the companies owned and operated by their own people?

Women usually control the purchase of the basic supplies, food, clothing, shelter and hence they could be potent factors in the development of the economic life of their people.

And then—Suppose these two million women should grow tired of seeing themselves and their people crudely caricatured—as buffoons and worse—should quietly ignore these periodicals and books and read the best of the productions of their own writers, and those who picture them as human beings. The results tangible and intangible would be far reaching.

These suppositions can be made realities.

We have many strong organizations denominational, fraternal and social, already at work. It would not be a difficult task for these leaders to agree on one or two definite aims towards which all of our women could be urged to strive.

The National Association of Colored Women is a nucleus for such effort; the establishment of its headquarters at the National Capital offers a channel through which all Negro women may help toward these ends. For more than three hundred years the Negro woman has been a burden bearer, denied much of the tenderness, the protecting love and sympathetic understanding which she so richly deserves. She needs vision to see more clearly her needs and her duties; organization as the most effective means for the accomplishment of her self-imposed tasks; and loving appreciation to sustain her when she falters.

(Mrs.) Augusta Dean Zuber,
West Point, Miss.

(Note: This discussion is continued in the May number by other prominent clubwomen from different sections of the country.)

GROUP TACTICS AND IDEALS

1. The ideal of Americanism is paradoxical. The attitude of the majority group towards the Aframericans smacks of a color phobia. Running parallel with this Americanism is another theory; that Race is the basic factor in American life. Thus, in the development of Negro life, mental and spiritual surplusages must not be overlooked.

The development of race consciousness by stressing and laudation of thing Negro, creates a line of defense against white newspapers and white propaganda that play the Aframerican up as an underling. It saves his pride and self-respect from the effects of jim-crowism and from an invisible line of separation drawn around his social and industrial life in some sections of the North. However, this stressing of things Negro, should only be used as a defense measure in situations where he is denied equal opportunity and in States and communities where social and industrial privilege are denied him.

Living under an atmosphere of social and industrial equality this defense measure should not be employed; for the Aframericans must be the last to discriminate. In communities where discrimination is practiced, he should not accept the place assigned him but fall back upon this defense measure as a protest, as a means of acquiring strength for the struggle of recasting conditions and battling against an inferiority complex that in the past has made him ashamed of himself.

The Negro lives in the midst of hostile environment. An attempt is made to justify this hostility and ostracism on the hypothesis that the Negro is lacking in those cultural resources that entitles him to the society of an enlightened and advanced people. The stressing and laudation of things Negro, constitute a rallying point against a situation that otherwise would completely exterminate him.

The Jews that lived under hundreds of years of pesecution were able to save themselves from extermination by a line of defense builded upon the theory of being God's chosen people.

The Irish were able to save themselves, although persecuted hundreds of years by the English. They kept their spiritual and mental-selves out of harmony with everything English. Thus, the Negro in stressing things Negro, is establishing for himself a trade mark of competency that will win the confidence of the Aframerican in himself that will prove beyond the coloration of white propaganda that the Aframerican possesses cultural resources that measure up to the American standard.

2. The development of a healthy racial consciousness will enable the Negro to realize equal rights within the next century.

3. When this ideal is realized, it will not result in the disappearance of the Negro population, the realization will come as a result of the Negro becoming an economic factor. The disappearance of a race through amalgamation is a slow process that would require hundreds and hundreds of years.

4. The present efforts to inculcate and develop race consciousness may be a bit crude but not futile. The various schools of thought among us, such as A. Phillip Randolph's program of Scientific Socialism, the Dubois program of Constructive Agitation, the Ultra Conservative group, whose chief exponent is Tuskegee, the Search for the Happy Medium by Miller, all of these wings of thought will in time resolve themselves into a definite program of action, and there will be less confusion.

The Questions

1. Is the development of Negro racial consciousness (a definite group psychology, stressing and laudation of things Negro) compatible with the ideal of Americanism (Nationalism) as expressed in the struggle of the Aframericans for social and industrial equality with all other citizens?

2. Will this ideal of equal rights and privileges be realized within the next century?

3. If and when this ideal is realized, will it or will it not result in the disappearance of the Negro population through amalgamation?

4. If the struggle for the attainment of full citizenship rights and privileges, including industrial equality, is to result in the disappearance of the Negro through amalgamation, do you consider the present efforts to inculcate and develop a race consciousness to be futile and confusing?

5. Do you consider complete amalgamation of the whites and blacks necessary to a solution of our problem?

6. Do you desire to see the Aframerican group maintain its identity and the trend toward amalgamation cease?

7. Can a minority group like the Aframericans maintain separate identity and group consciousness, obtain industrial and social equality with the citizens of the majority group, and mingle freely with them?

8. Do you or do you not believe in segregation, and if so, in what form?

For, they will all find that the path leads to the World of economics.
Industry equality will bring all else.

5. Complete amalgamation of whites and blacks is not necessary to the solution of our problem, which is purely an economic one. America is a commercial country. Its aristocracy is builded upon the dollar. He that has the most dollars is Prince.

6. I desire to see the Aframerican group maintain its identity; for the Aframerican possesses spiritual elements superior to the whites. His gifts by far are more important to the development of civilization in the empire of the West. I'm not concerned with amalgamation, that is the work of natural laws and cannot be completely obstructed by the devices of man.

7. The question of separate identity is not of the Negro's selection; it is imposed upon him by the majority group in order to make him compromise with his highest convictions and accept life upon a lower level. And, under these conditions, group consciousness brings about the necessary trial and social equality will be obtained. Industrial and social equality is a privilege to be achieved, oft-times to be fought for; it is seldom accorded voluntarily.

Shall we stand supinely by and wait until this rule of separation that sets us apart in an isolation worse than that imposed upon a leper, has been corrected by Christian reformation, when through group consciousness we will be able to rally our strength for the purpose of overcoming this nefarious system of separation?

8. I do not believe in segragation in any form; but the question arises here, that since the ideal of Americanism is a paradox and does not co-ordinate with the progress of the Aframerican group, shall we accept the ideal of Americanism and reject group progress?

To accept the first, means to face the future under-developed and under-privileged without giving to the World our share of Poets, Artists, Physicians, Business Men, Creative minds. While in the latter case, nothing will better serve to liberate human thought than outstanding examples of progress. Thus, since segregation is imposed upon us, stressing and laudation of things Negro is one of the sure means to drive it to its death.

(Lieut.) George W. Lee,
Memphis, Tenn.

* * *

1. Yes.

2. If guided by the past, no. But movements run their courses now faster than in the past.

3. This need not be true. But all statements as to the ultimate destiny of any people are guesses.

4. No. A capable population, whatever its blood content, must have freedom to develop.

5. No. Equals can cooperate without marrying.

6. Yes.

7. Such a thing would seem to be possible if the world should ever realize the value of a variety of cultures in the same country, otherwise, no.

8. No. The voluntary gravitation of people of similar tastes is not segregation.

R. P. SIMS,
Principal, Bluefield Institute,
Bluefield, W. Va.

(*Continued on page* 114)

THE NEGRO WOMAN AND THE BALLOT

By ALICE DUNBAR-NELSON

IT has been six years since the franchise as a national measure has been granted women. The Negro woman has had the ballot in conjunction with her white sister, and friend and foe alike are asking the question, What has she done with it?

Six years is a very short time in which to ask for results from any measure or condition, no matter how simple. In six years a human being is barely able to make itself intelligible to listeners; is a feeble, puny thing at best, with undeveloped understanding, no power of reasoning, with a slight contributory value to the human race, except in a sentimental fashion. Nations in six years are but the beginnings of an idea. It is barely possible to erect a structure of any permanent value in six years, and only the most ephemeral trees have reached any size in six years.

So perhaps it is hardly fair to ask with a cynic's sneer, What has the Negro woman done with the ballot since she has had it? But, since the question continues to be hurled at the woman, she must needs be nettled into reply.

To those colored women who worked, fought, spoke, sacrificed, traveled, pleaded, wept, cajoled, all but died for the right of suffrage for themselves and their peers, it seemed as if the ballot would be the great objective of life. That with its granting, all the economic, political and social problems to which the race had been subject would be solved. They did not hesitate to say—those militant-ly gentle workers for the vote—that with the granting of the ballot the women would step into the dominant place politically, of the race. That all the mistakes which the men had made would be rectified. The men have sold their birthright for a mess of pottage, said the women. Cheap political office and little political preferment had dazzled their eyes so that they could not see the greater issues affecting the race. They had been fooled by specious lies, fair promises and large-sounding words. Pre-election promises had inflated their chests, so that they could not see the post-election failures at their feet.

And thus on and on during all the bitter campaign of votes for women.

One of the strange phases of the situation was the rather violent objection of the Negro man to the Negro woman's having the vote. Just what his objection racially was, he did not say, preferring to hide behind the grandiloquent platitude of his white political boss. He had probably not thought the matter through; if he had, remembering how precious the ballot was to the race, he would have hesitated at withholding its privilege from another one of his own people.

But all that is neither here nor there. The Negro woman got the vote along with some tens of million other women in the country. And has it made any appreciable difference in the status of the race?

Unfortunately statistics are not available to determine just how the additional vote has affected communities for the better. The Negro woman was going to be independent, she had averred. She came into the political game with a clean slate. No Civil War memories for her, and no deadening sense of gratitude to influence her vote. She would vote men and measures, not parties. She would scan each candidate's record and give him her support according to how he had stood in the past on the question of the race. She owed no party allegiance. The name of Abraham Lincoln was not synonymous with her for blind G. O. P. allegiance. She would show the Negro man how to make his vote a power, and not a joke. She would break up the tradition that one could tell a black man's politics by the color of his skin.

And when she got the ballot she slipped quietly, safely, easily and conservatively into the political party of her male relatives.

Which is to say, that with the exception of New York City, and a sporadic break here and there, she became a Republican. Not a conservative one, however. She was virulent and zealous. Prone to stop speaking to her friends who might disagree with her findings on the political issue, and vituperative in campaigns.

In other words, the Negro woman has by and large been a disappointment in her handling of the ballot. She has added to the overhead charges of the political machinery, without solving racial problems.

One or two bright lights in the story hearten the reader. In the congressional campaign of 1922 the Negro woman cut adrift from party allegiance and took up the cudgel (if one may mix metaphors) for the cause of the Dyer Bill. The Anti-Lynching Crusaders, led by Mrs. Mary B. Talbot, found in several states—New Jersey, Delaware, and Michigan particularly—that its cause was involved in the congressional election. Sundry gentlemen had voted against the Dyer Bill in the House and had come up for re-election. They were properly castigated by being kept at home. The women's votes unquestionably had the deciding influence in the three states mentioned, and the campaign as conducted by them was of a most commendable kind.

School bond issues here and there have been decided by the colored woman's votes—but so slight is the ripple on the smooth surface of conservatism that it has attracted no attention from the deadly monotony of the blind faith in the "Party of Massa Linkum."

As the younger generation becomes of age it is apt to be independent in thought and in act. But it is soon whipped into line by the elders, and by the promise of plums of preferment or of an amicable position in the community or of easy social relations—for we still persecute socially those who disagree with us politically. What is true of the men is true of the women. The very young are apt to let father, sweetheart, brother or uncle decide her vote. The next in years prefer not to take the thorny path of independence because it involves too many strained relations in the church or social club. Being human and gregarious, she follows along the line of least resistance, and rightly dubs politics a bore.

Whether women have been influenced and corrupted by their male relatives and friends is a moot question. Were I to judge by my personal experience I would say unquestionably so. I mean a personal experience with some hundreds of women in the North Atlantic, Middle Atlantic and Middle Western States. High ideals are laughed at, and women confess with drooping wings how they have been scoffed at for working for nothing, for voting for nothing, for supporting a candidate before having first been "seen." In the face of this sinister influence it is difficult to see how the Negro woman could have been anything else but "just another vote."

All this is rather a gloomy presentment of a well-known situation. But it is not altogether hopeless. The fact that the Negro woman CAN be roused when something near and dear to her is touched and threatened is cheering. Then she throws off the influence of her male companion and strikes out for herself. Whatever the Negro may hope to gain for himself must be won at the ballot box, and quiet "going along" will never gain his end. When the Negro woman finds that the future of her children lies in her own hands—if she can be made to see this—she will strike off the political shackles she has allowed to be hung upon her, and win the economic freedom of her race.

Perhaps some Joan of Arc will lead the way.

Community Nursery

St. Louis, Mo.

"The modern woman has a huge task before her in developing culture and a race consciousness that must be reckoned with in the future," so says Mrs. W. C. Bridges,

(*Continued on page* 135)

MRS. W. C. BRIDGES

TWO WRESTLERS

By DR. EDWIN B. HENDERSON

Head of the Department of Physical Training, Junior and Senior High Schools, Washington, D. C.

For long ages mankind has had to combat with something. Be it the elements, wild beasts, the plague or other men. Games help prepare men for the inevitable battles. Play of the lion's cubs becomes the fight of the future. The thrill of overcoming another harkens back to some distant dim past in history. No more natural form of contest exists than does wrestling. Before we learned to use the fist, to throw the stone, to hurl the spear or shoot the arrow, one grappled with his opponent. In early recorded history, it was the sport of men and gods.

Dr. E. B. Henderson

In the newer form of games—American athletics—as used in colleges, team play, games of co-operative effort became the preferred types, so that for a long time individual sports like wrestling were not popular in colleges. Colored boys got their biggest opportunities in non-contact sports, where time and distance records are to be overcome. Wrestling affords the closest contact. Like forms of social contact, it stirs much racial prejudice. Seldom do Colored boys get a full chance in such games. Wrestling in the collegiate form is void of the maiming or killing holds allowed in much Graeco-Roman, or Catch-as-catch-can, and some other forms of wrestling. The bouts are limited, usually nine minutes, and a fall, or skilled performance without the fall may determine the winner.

Wrestling as an inter-collegiate sport is of comparatively recent origin. The first organized effort in New England was the formation of the New England Intercollegiate Wrestling Association in February, 1916. Its members were Brown, Harvard, Tufts, Massachusetts Technology, Springfield and Gates.

Among the first wrestling contenders was Gene Davidson, of Washington, D. C. Gene was a very lightweight athlete at M Street High School. He scarcely weighed more than 100 pounds. He was a good basket-ball player in his weight and a good track man. At Harvard University, he was persuaded by the grappling coach to try out his skill at wrestling and almost from the start he proved an able contender in the 125-pound division. In the very first year, 1916, he threw all of his opponents in every match except one, "Bretchneider," of Springfield, who won not by a fall but by a decision in a match that went into extra periods. In 1917, Davidson was undefeated, breezing along to the championships in April, when he annexed the 125-pound championship for Harvard and himself, and with it came the much desired solid gold medal of collegiate championship. The "Boston American" of April 4th, 1917, reads as follows: "Harvard's popular colored boy, Gene Davidson, came into his own in the 125 pounds. For two seasons, Gene has been star of the Crimson stable, and he was runner-up in last year's championship. He won his final bout with James of Brown on a decision, after beating Davison, the Yale entry in that class, also."

For the first time a colored boy won in intercollegiate wrestling. On only one occasion did Davidson bring up against the bar sinister. At Princeton, a Texas cracker refused to wrestle him and so announced to Harvard a few weeks before the bout. Some of the athletic authorities at Harvard endeavored to persuade Gene not to take the trip. Although all sorts of moral persuasion was used, Gene refused to be sidetracked. The majority of the team were willing to cancel the trip rather than leave him home. Princeton, when apprised of this fact, agreed to the match and promised to substitute for the Texan. Upon Princeton making such decision, Harvard's weak-kneed policy dictated an agreement whereby in sportsmanship the 125-pound match would be cancelled. Davidson knew nothing of this secret diplomacy, and made the trip, thinking he would wrestle, until upon the floor of the Princeton gym, it was announced that the 125-pound match had been cancelled by agreement with Harvard. However, it would be an inspiration to many young men of the race if they knew the fight Davidson put up for self respect, depending upon his own manly resources and judgment. He graduated the June following his championship match, later took a course in law at Howard University, served as a lieutenant during the war and is now successfully managing a big real estate business formerly handled by his father, Shelby J. Davidson, a noted N. A. A. C. P. worker, in which work young Davidson has done much good.

At this writing at Harvard University, another colored lad has ably filled Davidson's shoes. He is Benner C. Turner, son of a prominent Atlanta physician, a graduate of Andover Academy in 1923. At Andover, he won a scholarship to Harvard for excellence in studies and for three years was a member of the wrestling squad. As a sophomore, he was awarded his Harvard wrestling letter in the 115-pound class. In 1925, he was the New England Intercollegiate champion, which honor Davidson had won nine years before in the 125-pound class. This year, to help the team, the coach attempted to make Turner a 125-pound wrestler, but he had to concede too much and lost two bouts early in the year. He returned to his real weight and has won victories at Tufts on February 12; Penn State, on February 19; Massachusetts Technology, and Brown, on March 5. He should again win the championship in a few days from now.

Given the opportunity, the Colored youth proves his versatility in many fields of physical endeavor. It seems strange, however,

EUGENE DAVIDSON

that our strong trait of imitativeness should show up so largely in athletics. Some one boy makes a record or performs well and immediately others excel in the same field. Our two wrestlers mentioned are examples. Champions in the same school, the same section and nearly in the same weight class, and nowhere else except for Russell Minton, of Philadelphia, who won the college championship in the 125-pound class, has there been a colored collegiate wrestler of note. In the running broad jump, starting back with Howard Drew in 1912, we have had a succession of champion broad jumpers, chief among whom have been Sol Butler, a champion, and the two world beaters in the persons of Gourdain and Hubbard, whose mark has never been equalled in the recorded history of man. Both of the boys mentioned in the burden of this article were good students and are fitted well for the battles of life.

The Black Pageant

From the factory doors
The pageant pours
Down the mud of Pettigrew Street.
The sound of feet
Treads on my heart
And stupefies its beat.

The factories take my people's souls
And give them out in smoke.
Oh, why should souls be made to burn
And spirits thus to choke?

LEWIS ALEXANDER.

NEGRO ARTISTS

Get in touch with The Messenger. We may be able to use some of your work.

CAPTAIN BARTHOLOMEW ROBERTS

Noted Negro Bucaneer of the Spanish Main

By J. A. ROGERS

Author of "From Superman to Man," "As Nature Leads" and "The Ku Klux Spirit."

Drawn by Faustina Trimble

"ROBERTS . . . . HOISTED HIS FLAG."

CAPTAIN BARTHOLOMEW ROBERTS, one of the bravest and most daring of the species of sea-wolf, who like Sir Henry Morgan, Blackbeard, Capt. Kidd, and Montbars the Exterminator, ravaged the Spanish Main in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, plundering from Spanish argosies, the millions in gold that the Conquistadores had plundered from the Indians, was born in Pembrokeshire, Eng.

Roberts was a Negro, according to his Dutch biographer, Alexander Esquemelin, who lived in those stirring times, was himself sold into slavery in the West Indies, and whose book: "The Buccaneers and Marooners of America" is the classic on the most absorbing subject of piracy.

In the words of Esquemelin: "Roberts was a tall, black man, near forty years of age, born at Newey-bagh-nigh, Haverfordwest in Pembrokeshire of good natural parts and personal bravery."

Roberts, like most of the other buccaneers, seems to have drifted into that occupation. Leaving England in November, 1719, as second mate of an English ship bound for the coast of Guinea for a cargo of slaves, he was soon after chosen captain. In an attack on the Isle of Princes, the commander, Capt. Davis was killed, and Roberts was selected by his white associates as the fittest man. "It is my opinion," said one of the leaders, according to Esquemelin, "that, while we are sober, we pitch upon a man of courage and skilled in navigation, one, who by his council and bravery seems best able to lead us—and such a one I take Roberts to be, a fellow, I think, in all respects worthy of your esteem and favor."

"The rank of captain," says Esquemelin, "obtained by suffrage fell on one superior for boldness and knowledge, and Roberts exceeded his fellows in this respect."

Roberts' first move was to seek revenge for the death of Captain Davis, and attacking the Portuguese position, took it by assault, but prevailed upon his men not to burn the town, and to spare the lives of the inhabitants. For a pirate, he had strange stirrings of morality, as will be seen later.

Buccaneering, instead of slave-carrying, was now decided on and Roberts falling in with a Dutch merchantman, plundered her, and later, an English ship. Sparing both crews, contrary to custom, he sailed for the West Indies, where he accomplished one of the most daring feats in the history of buccaneering.

Arriving off the port of Los Todos Santos saw a fleet of forty-two Portuguese ships, on the way of Lisbon, waiting for its convoy of two men-of-war of seventy guns each. Mixing with the fleet, and pretending to be one of them he kept his men hidden, until he had come upon one of the largest ships. Then he ordered the captain to come aboard, threatening to give no quarter if any signal were given to the other ships and forced the Portuguese captain to show him the richest ship, which happened to be one mounting forty guns and bigger than Roberts' ship.

Using the Portuguese captain as a snare Roberts attempted to board the treasure ship. But the captain of the latter learning of the ruse in some mysterious manner, replied courteously, at the same time, swinging into a position that would enable him to pour a broadside of eighteen guns into the pirates. But the wary Roberts beat him at his game, raked the ship with a broadside and, boarding it soon overpowered the crew.

In the meantime all was consternation in the fleet, and the two warships in the harbor sailed to attack. Finding the captured ship too heavy to get away with Roberts decided to fight it out, and hoisted his flag, the conventional black one, with a death's head and cross bones, an hour-glass, and a heart, pierced with a daggar, from which fell three drops of blood.

But one of the warships, outsailing the other, had come up alone and thinking better of it waited for its mate, which gave Roberts time to escape with the prize. "They found this ship," said Esquemelin, "exceedingly rich, being laden chiefly with sugar, skins, and tobacco, and in gold 40,000 moidores, besides clothing and trinkets of considerable value, particularly a cross set with diamonds, designed for the King of Portugal."

Roberts' next visit was to Devil's Island, now the French penal settlement, made famous by the Dreyfus case. Here he had news of an incoming Portuguese ship, laden with food and clothing, and waited to attack her. Receiving news of her approach he set out with a part of his men after her, but was blown out of his his way by adverse winds, and after suffering greatly from thirst and hunger returned to find that his lieutenant, Kennedy, had stolen his ship, captured the prize, and deserted him.

Recruiting another crew, from which he excluded all Irishmen, he got a small vessel and set out again. Kennedy was Irish.

The tenor of the articles signed by the crew will prove interesting. Any member of the crew who stole from another was to have his ears and nose slit; there was to be no gambling of any kind; no boys or women, disguised as men were to be taken aboard; or no captured woman was to be ravished. The penalty for violating the last two was death. The musicians were to work on every day except Sunday. These articles were sworn to on a Bible after which the document, with all its signatures was thrown overboard. As a substitute a jury was appointed to carry them all in their minds,

and enforce them when necessary. If captured, signatures would be prima facie evidence against pirates.

Roberts' next exploit was the capture of a brigantine from Rhode Island, and then a Bristol ship of ten guns off Barbadoes. Taking off the cargo, he permitted the passengers and crews to continue their journey. On wearing this the governor of Barbadoes sent two men-of-war against them. Roberts, seeing them, and thinking them likely prey, hoisted the black flag, and started out in pursuit, whereupon the warships waited for him, and when he came within gunshot, raked him with a broadside. With the odds against him, Roberts threw his cannon, and cargo overboard, and succeeded in escaping.

Thereafter he vowed vengeance against all Barbadians, and flew a flag, embroidered with the letters: "A.B.H." (A Barbadian's Head). To this he later added: "A.M.H." (A Martiniquian's Head), after the people of Martinique had served him similarly.

Soon after he captured a French ship, and sailing north arrived off the coast of Newfoundland. He came into port flying the black flag, beating drums, and sounding trumpets, whereupon the crew of the twenty or more ships in port fled ashore. Burning all the ships, except a Bristol galley, he mounted twenty-six guns on her, and sailed again for the Indies, capturing a French ship, and a very rich merchantman, the Samuel. Meeting, with a Barbadian vessel, he treated the captain brutally.

Back in the tropics, he plundered the coast towns that would not give him supplies freely, and got even with the governor of Martinique by burning many of his ships, and robbing his traders.

Thereafter he shifted his activities to the West Coast of Africa, capturing two French ships, that had been stationed there to prevent trading. Soon after he fell in with a fine frigate-built English ship, the Onslow. Capturing her he changed her name to the Royal Fortune, and mounted forty guns on her. He compelled all the passengers and crews to take to the boats except a preacher, whom he wished to keep, promising him an easy life, and assuring him that his only duties would be saying prayers and mixing rum punch. The preacher declined and begged to have his things back, which Roberts permitted. The parson "laid claim to several things belonging to others, which were also given up to his great satisfaction; in fine, they kept nothing which belonged to the church, except three prayer-books and a cork-screw."

Roberts next visited the Calabar coast but the Negroes there would have no commerce with him, for, says Esquemeling, "although these people were without the light of the Gospel they had such a moral innate honesty as would upbraid and shame the most knowing Christians." Some two thousand of these Negroes attacked Roberts' party, but the guns of the latter proved too much for them and they fled to the woods.

Sailing next to the port of Whydah, Roberts found eleven ships. English, French, and Portuguese, three of which carried over a hundred men and thirty guns, each, but so great had become the terror of his name, that on hoisting his flag, the crews fled ashore, leaving him in possession of them all.

But in the meanwhile the news of his depredations had got home to England, and the Admiralty sent out a warship, the Swallow, Capt. Challoner Ogle, to hunt him down. The Swallow finally caught up with him while he was anchored off Cape Corso Castle in West Africa. Hemmed in, Roberts "a gallant figure in a damask waistcoat and breeches, a red feather in his hat, a gold chain around his neck, with a diamond cross hanging to it," tried to scrape his way out of the narrow inlet, hoping to escape at worst with a broadside from the Swallow, a superior ship, in every way. But in the engagement a charge of grapeshot struck him in the throat. Seeing their captain fall, the men lost courage, and soon surrendered, but not before several of them had attempted to blow up the Royal Fortune by setting fire to the powder magazine.

The crew, numbering 157, forty-five of which were Negroes, were taken to England, and tried at Execution Dock. Most of them were hanged, and their bodies tarred and left to "sun-dry," as a warning, while the remainder were shipped to the American colonies to be ancestors, who knows, of a less risky and more respectable kind of piracy.

Group Tactics

(*Continued from page* 110)

1. How is the Negro to successfully meet the arrogant, domineering, pugnacious race consciousness of the average American white man, especially toward the Negro, unless he develops a race consciousness and confidence as vigorous as that of the Nordics.

2. I do not think so, though there is reason to believe that there will be great economic changes.

3. I believe intelligent Negroes of ability will aspire to something other than the marrying of a white person, especially when the chances are that the white person will be inferior to the Negro.

4. Since I do not consider amalgamation probable in the near future, I do not consider race consciousness futile or confusing.

5. No.

6. I am opposed to that amalgamation which comes through white men's preying on Negro women. However, I am not opposed to intermarriage of the races as I believe that to be a private matter to be decided by the individuals.

7. There is no data by which the answer to this question may be had, for the position of the Negro in America is without a parallel in history.

8. I do not believe in any form of compulsory segregation.

JOHN W. BADDY,
Washington, D. C.

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1. Yes. 2. No. 3. Yes. 4-5. Yes, complete or certainly over 50 per cent fusion. 6. No. 7. No. 8. No.

CARL MURPHY,
Editor, The Afro-American, Baltimore, Md.

(*Continued next month*)

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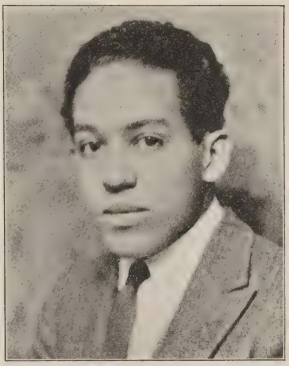
Life Extension Service, co-operating with Schools, Churches, and other Welfare Agencies Racial Health and Happiness.

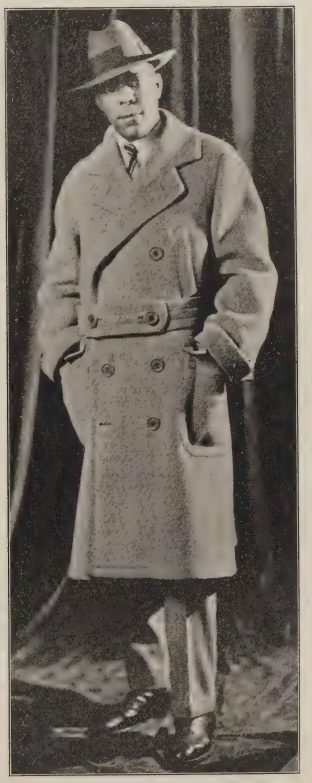
The Company with a Soul and a Service

THE AFRAMERICAN ACADEMY

FRANK H. WILSON

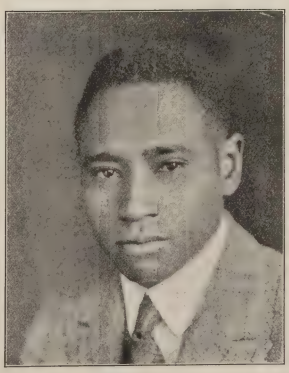


LANGSTON HUGHES



ROMEO DOUGHERTY

EUGENE GORDON



GEO. W. LEE

NEGRO LABOR AND PUBLIC UTILITIES

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

(Black citizens are forced to purchase the services of the various public utilities throughout the nation, just as other citizens are. There is no alternative. When, however, the Negro consumer as worker applies for a job at the telegraph office the express office or the offices of the companies selling street railway service, gas and electric light and power, he meets with a far from democratic reception. Here and there of course, you will find a dark brother or sister getting by, but such cases are few and far between. In previous numbers of THE MESSENGER *we presented part of the facts gathered in a nation-wide survey. Over sixty cities, each with a Negro population of over* 10,000, *were covered. Below you will find the remainder of the glad news. Glance down and get an eyeful.)*

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY

Note, dear readers, the following reply from Mr. W. H. Spry, City Superintendent at Newark, N. J. (16,977 Negroes), who very nicely avoids in his explanation a lot of things we dark folks might be interested in knowing.

"We employ no Negroes in Newark, probably in larger cities with more diversified requirements Negroes are employed in other than technical lines. The telegraph business is made up largely of the technical, as in cities where there is but one telegraph operator, such a person would be a manager and Morse operator and messenger combined, and as the cities are largely recruited from all sources including the messenger forces; progression takes place through the initiative of the individual." Yes, yes! Go on!

Then we jump down to dear old Knoxville, Tenn. (11,302 Negroes), where the local management sends us the reassuring news that Negroes are hired as janitors.

Further South we move, and finally we get to New Orleans where William A. Porteous, the City Superintendent, megaphones that the company only employs Negroes as "porters, elevator attendants and maids." This news will be received with enthusiasm by the young blacks in New Orleans who are anxious to carve out a career for themselves in this field.

Mr. S. S. Scothorn, the City Superintendent at San Antonio, Texas, (14,341 Negroes) sends us an equally encouraging radio from the shadow of the Alamo: "We have only two Negroes in our employ and they act in the capacity of janitors."

In Wilmington, Del., (10,746 Negroes) an even greater opportunity is given the ambitious Negro to improve himself, for Mr. C. J. Radman, the Manager, writes us: "Our company does not employ Negroes in the city of Wilmington."

As a sort of joker, let me end this survey of the attitude of the Western Union Telegraph Company toward Negro labor by quoting from a letter sent in by Andrew F. Burleigh, Vice President and Secretary of the company located at the general offices, 195 Broadway, New York City. Says he:

"We do employ Negroes without discrimination as far as I know, in positions which they appear at the time of employment to be competent to fill. (How about Messengers?—Ed.) As to just what positions they occupy I am not advised, as our operations are very widely extended and we have upwards of sixty thousand employees."

POSTAL TELEGRAPH-CABLE COMPANY

The first station we get on our trusty old three-tube set is Mobile, Ala., (23,906 Negroes). The manager tells us "Our two linemen here, at this writing, are Negroes," and says further that Negroes are employed "as linemen, porters and at one time as telegraph messengers."

Following which comes the stimulating report from Mr. J. T. Logue, Superintendent of the Fifth District, Southern Division, Jacksonville, Florida. "We employ Negroes in the district under my jurisdiction," says he, "which comprises the State of Florida, only as porters and messengers." So ends the investigation of the telegraph companies. It can be readily seen what splendid opportunities they offer the citizens of color.

TELEPHONE COMPANIES

There is no doubt but that the Negroes pay huge sums to the telephone trusts every month. Well, what chance have they when it comes to getting a job? Read on, Brother, read on!

Our first stop is Lexington, Ky., (12,450 Negroes). The Fayette Home Telephone Company sent in a nice snappy reply: "We employ four Negroes as follows—3 janitors and 1 maid."

Then Mr. W. S. Henley, the District Manager of the Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company at Savannah, Ga., (39,179 Negroes) reports: "We do not employ Negroes in positions of a skilled, clerical or managerial nature. We do employ Negroes as janitors, elevator men, maids and yardmen."

From the Cumberland Telephone and Telegraph Co. Inc., at Meridian, Miss., (8,343 Negroes) we gather in the stimulating message that the descendants of Ham are employed only as common labor.

But do not despair, Oh, Children of the Sun! We are about to take a long trip to the liberal North, the land of opportunity. We drop our anchor at Gary, Ind., (16,460 Negroes). Mr. J. J. Carroll, Commercial Manager of the Illinois Bell Telephone Co., greets us with the following:

"The Telephone Company at Gary (for whom I am the Local Business Manager), does not employ Negroes in positions of skilled, clerical and managerial nature. We do, however, occasionally employ them as janitors. At the present time there are in our employ at Gary, Ind., 162 Telephone men and women, all of whom are white." Hooray for the North!

The plot, or rather, the jobs thicken when we go back to Macon, Ga., (23,093 Negroes), where the District Manager of the Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company, says: "Negroes are employed as groundmen, janitors, elevator operators, maids and cooks." It will be noted, however, that the way to higher positions is barred as elsewhere.

A similar report comes from the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company at Oklahoma City, Okla. (8,241 Negroes), where we learn from R. J. Benzel, the General Manager, that "We employ Negroes in positions of janitors, elevator operators, and assistants in the cafeteria." It will be observed that while we can *wait on* the white help, we cannot *work with* the white help.

AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY

We have, ladies and gentlemen, reports from just two more cities on the employment of Negroes by this big trust. Our first message comes from dear old, tolerant Miami, Fla. (9,270 Negroes), and the General Agent says, "At Miami we do not employ any Negroes in positions of a skilled, clerical or managerial nature. We employ Negroes in the capacity of laborers." So that's that!

The other radio reaches us from the good city of Winston-Salem, N. C., and here is what was said: "Employed as truck drivers and porters."

This concludes our survey of the big express trust. Like all of the companies, it practices jim crowism everywhere.

STREET CARS, GAS AND ELECTRIC POWER AND LIGHT COMPANIES

Dayton, O. (7,029 Negroes), is the first to claim our attention. The City Railway Company, which doubtless has many Negro passengers, tells us that it employs six Negroes: 5 car washers and 1 janitor.

Then comes the Dayton Street Railway Company saying, "Janitors and Car Washers." Fine town, Dayton!

But the Roanoke Gas Light Company gives the dark brother a much better break than that, for they report that they have one gas house foreman "37 years' experience with this company, salary $180 per." Besides it has employed "2 firemen, 1 ass't. foreman, 2 water gas makers, 2 gas main caulkers, 20 laborers and gas makers."

Moving to the westward, we hear from the Nashville Railway and Light Company, doing business in the capital city of Tennessee (35,633). "Laborers only" is the sad refrain from the Athens of Aframerica.

Back to Ole Virginny. We stop at Richmond (54,041 Negroes), and get an earful from Mr. Geo. H. Whitfield, Director, Department of Public Utilities. That worthy tells us, "The City of Richmond does not employ Negroes directly. However, it lets out to contract considerable street work and the contractors employ Negroes for excavation and common labor." All the Negro employes need then, is a strong back and a weak brain.

Cultured Boston (16,350 Negroes), now enters the discussion with a short contribution from the General Manager of the Boston Elevated Railway. Says he: "We make no discrimination whatever in the employ-

ment of labor. Practically all of the Negroes in our employ are porters. We have one Negro employe in car service." Wonder does this company employ black clerks, bookkeepers, motormen, etc.? Now don't laugh!

A rather unusual radio comes our way from Baltimore (108,322 Negroes), in the celebrated Maryland Free State, where the mention of Prohibition is taboo. Says Mr. Geo. D. Penniman, Jr., Assistant Manager of the Consolidated Gas Electric Light and Power Company of Baltimore, "We have no Negro employes on clerical work but have a large number on work requiring semi-skilled men in connection with the manufacture and distribution of gas. Also, in the distribution work we have in the past used to advantage a few capable Negroes in the capacaity of Foreman. . . . I will list below some of the occupations on which we have Negroes working.: Porters, Laborers, Foreman, Tapper, Chauffeur, Caulker, Pipe Layer, Cement Finisher, Boiler Operator, Fire Cleaner."

The Chief Engineer of the Indianapolis (34,678 Negroes) Light and Heat Company, says, in reply to our query, "We do not employ Negroes for positions of skilled, clerical or managerial nature. They are employed only for ordinary labor work." So!

But the Secretary-Treasurer of the Indianapolis Street Railway Company somewhat cheers us by the following message (I said "somewhat"): "This company employs a large number of Negroes in various positions, to one of whom is intrusted the conveying of cash from the different car stations to the Terminal Station Counting Room. Some of the Assistant Foremen in the Track Department are also of the colored race. A large number fill janitor and assistant janitor positions." But suppose a Negro wants something better than a laboring, janitor or messenger job. Will he get it? That, as Hamlet said, is the question.

From Washington (109,966 Negroes), the place where all the run-down lawyers go, Mr. A. G. Neal, Vice President and Comptroller of the Washington Railway and Electric Company, writes: "They are not employed in clerical positions or in a managerial capacity. Our records indicate they serve us in the following capacities: Curve greasers and switchmen, Pitmen, Truck operators, Watchmen and Lampmen, Pavers, Compressor operators, Power Saw, Concrete mixer operators, 1st Class Trackmen, 2nd Class Tackmen, Laborers, Storeroom helper." Some day this company may have openings for Howard graduates. I said *some day!*

The Potomac Electric Power Company, which is the same as the above named concern and of whom the same gentleman occupies the same position, reports: "There are four Negroes employed as Foremen of Overhead Line groups and Conduit Construction groups, composed of Negro employes. There are other Negro employes employed as Linemen and Laborers, and a few as Messengers." Probably Kelly Miller was right when he said that Washington is "Negro Heaven."

The following sweet note arrived from Mr. S. E. Linton, General Manager, Nashville Gas and Heating Company: "We have about 175 Negro employees, who are loyal, faithful and intelligent, and of a high class of laborers, many of whom have been with the company for many years. Most of them are unskilled laborers, some are semi-skilled and some are mechanics. These employees are all good citizens. Many own their homes, or are buying them, and they find and fill a most needed place in the economic life of this community."

From the Mobile Gas Company, however, we get the sad news that Negroes are only employed as laborers.

Going North a bit we stop in Augusta, Ga. (22,582 Negroes), and hear a heartening message from the General Manager of the Augusta-Aiken Railway and Electric Corporation. He tells us, "We have some six or eight skilled Negro linemen, working under a white foreman. We employ linemen, helpers, pitmen in car shops, car cleaner and track and roadway forces."

Then comes a radio from the Cleveland Electric Illuminating Company telling us that Negroes are employed there as "common laborers, brick masons, unskilled class of power plant work, garage helpers, washers, drivers of passenger cars, mail distributors and reception room clerks." All of which isn't bad for Cleveland.

Back down South again to Macon, Ga. (23,093 Negroes), and the Macon Railway and Light Co., the Macon Gas Co., and the Central Georgia Power Company, all report that they employ no Negroes. Dear old Georgia!

Thence west to the land of sunshine, fakirs and movies—California. Mr. R. B. Hill, the superintendent of operation of the Los Angeles Railway, tells us: "The Los Angeles Railway employs Negroes only as janitors, scrubbers and car cleaners." That's good advertising for California, yes?

But the Gulf States Utilities Company at Beaumont, Texas (13,210 Negroes) doesn't do as well as the City of Angels, for we received the laconic reply: "Laborers."

And then we go to Florida (as all good Americans eventually do) and we land in Miami. There Mr. A. L. Reynolds of The Miami Beach Railway Company, says: "We do not employ Negroes in positions of a skilled, clerical or managerial nature. However, the Negroes are employed for labor on track work, car cleaners and porters." So much for beautiful Miami!

But the Oklahoma Railway Company of Oklahoma City, Okla. (8,241 Negroes), sends in a reply even less encouraging: "We have some Negroes employed as laborers."

From the shadow of Lookout Mountain we receive this heartening note, sent in by the Chattanooga (18,000 Negroes) Gas Company: "Trench and ditch diggers." What, may we ask, could be shorter, if not sweeter?

We return to the Alamo again and get a word from Mr. Wm. W. Holden, Mgr. of the Traction Department of the San Antonio (Texas) Public Service Company. He says: "The San Antonio Public Service Company employs Negroes as car cleaners, building porters and as helpers to skilled mechanics. Two of the Negroes are subforemen over groups of Negro car cleaners." From the other branches of the company furnishing gas and electricity to the 15,000 Negroes, we learn that Negroes are only employed as "porters, laborers, etc."

The South Carolina Power Company at Charleston, S. C., sends in this brief answer to our query: "We employ Negroes as power house firemen, helpers, porters and common laborers." Which isn't the worst record imaginable.

Last, but surely not least, we publish the reply of Mr. Neil Callahan, President of the Vicksburg Gas Company in Vicksburg, Miss. (9,148 Negroes): "We have four Negroes in our employ in skilled positions; two as operators, one as fireman and one as pipe fitter, and all four of these are good steady men.

"In addition to this we have five Negroes in our employ as assistants to white mechanics and they are all good steady men.

"When laying mains and such like work during every summer period, we employ quite a number of Negroes as common laborers at good wages." Suppose the public utilities did as much elsewhere.

So here endeth our first survey. Our readers may not know it, but the vast majority of these companies are in reality owned and controlled by a mere handful of people, although the companies all have different names. How is it done, you ask? Interlocking directorates is the answer. The Big Boys who own the large hunks of stock in these companies are all hot for the Tuskegee-Hampton type of education and swear by all the Gods that education will solve the race problem. But the real race problem is the problem of wages, labor and promotion, and these Big Boys make no effort to break down the color discrimination in industry that relegates the Negro generally to the lowest places in the industrial hierarchy. Many of these Big Utilities Men are on the Boards of Trustees of little Negro colleges and get off a swarm of wise cracks at meetings of the Interracial Commission and at Commencements, but you can see what hope they hold out generally to our young men and women.

Necessity of Negro Banks

(*Continued from page* 108)

BACK MOST OF ITS OWN CHRISTMAS CLUB MONEY THROUGH THESE SAME MERCHANTS.

Not only does this situation exist relative to Christmas Club funds but all along down the line. In other words, unless there is a concurrent development in mercantile and other business institutions and establishments among colored people—every time a Negro makes an accumulation of funds for his purpose, this money usually finds its way from the Negro bank back into the hands of the merchant, real estate dealer or other white business man, and thence finds a resting place in a white bank, from which depository it may be again loaned out to white business institutions—in a never ending chain of progress and business building for themselves.

From the above it might be argued that the organization of banks among Negroes should await the development of mercantile, manufacturing and other business. This, however, is not true. Hard though the pioneering may be, as I view it, the start has to be made at some point. One is reminded of the query as to which came first—the chick or the egg. It would hardly work out to say that we shall first organize a certain number of business institutions and then plan for a bank. Neither would

(*Continued on page* 134)

Edito

Opinion of the leading

THE times are replete with thrills, excitement and change, with China in revolt as the outstanding news. President Coolidge seeks to stage another limitation of armament conference, while France definitely insists that it's a European question over which the League of Nations has unquestioned suzerainty. She may yet relent, however, because of her fervent wish to secure the cancellation of her debt to the United States or, at least, a more favorable modification of terms of payment. England, of course, accepts the offer of Mr. Coolidge for such a conference with reservations. But she is not more astute than Japan for she replies in a more favorable and sympathetic tone. Mussolini views the Coolidge plan as inconsequential to European peace, and expresses grave doubt as to the benefits Italy could receive therefrom. Mayhap, it is a mere defense mechanism to the great powers, for he pretends to want war to reaffirm the ancient glories of the Caesars.

The Month

Time, as well as "sleep is great nature's second cure, the balm of hurt minds." "It knits the ravelled sleeve of care," of hate, of suspicion. For the first time since the fateful days of Armageddon, Gustave Stressman, Foreign Minister of the Weimar Republic, presides at the Council of the League of Nations. He did more. He spoke in his own tongue. Much water has run under the bridge since July, 1914. Germany may yet alter the edict of Versailles and remove her official guilt for the war, which all enlightened people already recognize ought to be removed, and according to the apparent spirit of Briand, France may yet accede to even this. Meanwhile the goose step proceeds apace in the land of the erstwhile Hohenzollerns.

Poor Portugal appears to be quiescent, doubtless due to the sheer exhaustion from her own chronic revolutionary paroxisms.

Russia, though nominally out of the European political drama, actually plays a role of no little importance. She has even reached the stage when she arrogantly rejects invitations to confabs from the recognized respectable European diplomats. In reply to a recent note from London insisting upon Russia's observance of certain forms of international ethics, the Soviet State, since free from the propaganda melodrama of Zinovievz, the former high priest of the Third International, replied with a characteristic Machiavellian subtlety, expressing no penitence and revealing no weakness. Despite considerable grandiose talk in Parliament about breaking off relations with the Proletarian State, England takes her medicine, doubtless, because her trade relations with 156,000,000 of consumers are too profitable to be sneezed at. We suspect, too, that England is not far wrong in her charges that the Soviets are bent upon undermining the world politics of perfidious Albion, although the wary Litvinoff, acting Foreign Minister of Russia, hurdles beautifully.

While diplomats play hide and seek with the fortunes of the people, capitalists hire athletes to outdistance the mob in staking off claims in Grasfontein, South Africa.

In the Americas, Mexico and Nicaragua occupy the center of interests. The United States continue to reinforce its position in Nicaragua, while Mexico refuses to yield a single inch to Kellogg. Public opinion in the States seems to favor the position of Calles.

In the field of domestic politics, the MacNary-Haugen farm relief measure is easily the most disturbing. It has virtually split the nation in twain. Again we are reminded that "East is East and West is West: never the twain shall meet." It is also a bit of Eastern philosophy that the "East shall see the West to bed."

How will the embattled, determined farmers fare in the struggle with the adroit bankers and manufacturers of the East? In the House and the Senate, the farmers have flattened out all opposition and driven their measure through, only to be vetoed by the aptest symbol of the East, President Coolidge. Can the farmers ride over the veto? is the question on the tongue of politician and layman, alike, while the aspirants to the White House proceed to build their political fences.

Of no little interest too is the filibuster of Senator Reed of Pennsylvania to prevent Senator Reed of Missouri from investigating the slush fund which elected Vare and Smith to the Senate. It, incidentally, afforded Vice-President Dawes an opportunity to harp again upon his pet theme of revising the archaic Senate rules as well as to be considered as a possibility of escaping the innocuous desuetude of the vice-presidency.

Of great significance to Colored Americans is the decision of the United States Supreme Court on the Texas white Primary Law, declaring it unconstitutional.

VICTORY LIFE has achieved a signal victory in qualifying to enter New York State to write insurance. It is a tribute to the business acumen of Anthony Overton. With a high-powered salesmanship there should be no great diffculty to a rapid and progressive development in this field. Of course, the competition is keener than that which has been faced by a Negro insurance company anywhere before, but that should stimulate instead of deterring a group of aggressive, hard-hitters such as the Overton group would seem to typify.

Victory Life

It is expected that the Northeastern Life will invade the big city in the next few months. Under the able leadership of Harry Pace, it should rapidly build up an enviable and successful record.

TO seek for the economic reason for events is getting to be quite a general attitude of mind today among all strata of Negroes. Doubtless they are partaking of their environment. Seeing that practically every big political issue has a sordid money motive at the bottom, despite its quasi-ethical, religious, patriotic, cultural window dressing, one hundred per cent American Negroes, than whom there are no more pestiferous humans, are beginning to become disillusioned.

Economic Thinking

rials

colored American thinkers

If strikes of workers are opposed by the black Babbits, it is because they assign the wrong economic effect to them. We have heard a number of Chesterfieldian professionals who are competent to converse about the various periods of furniture, denouncing the poor striking garment workers for the high price of clothing. If ever they would countenance labor organization, they would frown down upon the strike as an anti-social method which should be banned by the law. This is pathetic, for to ban the strike is to curtail freedom. If workers were denied the right to strike, it would nullify the power of their organization to protect and advance their interests.

Among some of the most serious thinkers of the race, no careful distinction is made between a company union and a legitimate trade union. Benevolent, paternalistic welfare schemes of corporations are hailed as veritable magna chartas for the Negro workers. Why? Because of ignorance. Their hearts are right but their heads are wrong. Besides, numerous professional agencies which manufacture this company-union bunk, are steadily and systematically poisoning the minds of the Negro intelligentsia.

What can be done to neutralize this flood of lies and misinformation about the workers? Correct economic information ought to be systematically circulated through all of the social, relegious, educational, political and literary bodies among Negroes in the country. This campaign of economic education should proceed from a definite economic movement which is clearly committed to a working class program. Its educational work might partake of the nature of the Fabian Society of London or of the League for Industrial Democracy in New York.

White Primaries

A TEXAS statute which provided that "In no event shall a Negro be eligible to participate in a Democratic Party election held in the state of Texas, and should a Negro vote in the Democratic primary election such a ballot shall be void, and election officials are herein directed to throw out such ballot and not count the same," has been declared unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court.

The case grew out of the refusal of election officials of El Paso to permit Dr. L. A. Nixon to vote in the primaries of 1926.

Justice Holmes handed down the decision in which it was held that the Texas law was clearly violative of the Fourteenth Amendment. It is held by some that the opinion seems to vindicate the theory that the Federal Government has authority to regulate primary elections, despite the judgment to the contrary rendered by the high court in the Newberry case. Obviously, if the Fourteenth Amendment gave citizenship to persons of color, it cannot permit any state to withhold from persons of color the right to exercise that citizenship.

This is a serious blow to the silly and indefensible doctrine of white political supremacy in the south over black taxpayers. This is only a slight indication of the trend of affairs. The Negro will not continue to remain docile under such outrageous political obscurantism. With the progressive accumulation of economic power and education, Negroes will insist upon equal protection and consideration under federal and state laws. The South, too, will eventually come to recognize the inevitability of this trend. The penetration of the opinion of the "new Southern white man" will do much toward overthrowing the political superstition toward the Negro.

The steady industrialization of the South will ultimately uproot its old feudo-capitalistic system. With the coming of this economic transformation will follow—as a natural corollary, profound changes in the socio-ethical-political life of the South also. The Blease opinion on the Negro cannot remain regnant. It is an anachronism.

It is interesting to note, too, that by the case of Dr. Nixon that Negro political opinion in the South is not solidly Republican. This is natural. The Negro, like the white man, thinks and acts politically in correspondence with his environment. Perhaps it may be a species of political protective coloration, a political defense mechanism. It would be a form of suicidal social strategy for the Negro to line up solidly in any one political camp in the South. In the new South his political behavior will have all of the cross-sections of the whites. One of the emotional reasons of the South against Negroes voting is the belief that they, under the spell of Lincoln, will vote as a unit for the G. O. P.

Happily, the South and the Negro both, extremely backward in political thought and action, are changing under the impact of changed conditions.

Note the social, economic conditions of the races in North Carolina, the most advanced of all the Southern states. Under the enlightened racial attitude of certain leaders of opinion in North Carolina, better roads and schools for both races are emerging. Perhaps, the University of North Carolina marks the highest reach of enlightenment on the problem of race in the South. It is comparable in the import, scholarship, seriousness and realism of its work with anything which is being done above the Mason and Dixon line by white or colored agencies. It is the highest and finest expression of the "new white man" in the South. Doubtless it will be found, too, upon examination that the higher unit of wealth production in North Carolina is resultant to this advanced educational program. It is a sine qua non of modern industrialism that the blight of illiteracy be lifted. Thus, the capitalist of North Carolina, such as Duke and their political spokesmen such as Acock, Ex-Governor Morrison and Governor McClane, are more intelligently awakened to the economic significance of a wider dissemination of education than are the leaders of thought in other Southern states.

It is simply good business. It involves no maudlin sentiment when entrepreneurs insist upon the application of taxes to the building of better roads and schools instead of the building of jails. The white South will, as a result of a vis a tergo, realize that when the Negro raises himself up he will also help to raise the whites up; that when white

(*Continued on page* 134)

AFRAMERICAN SNAPSHOTS

BY WILBERT HOLLOWAY

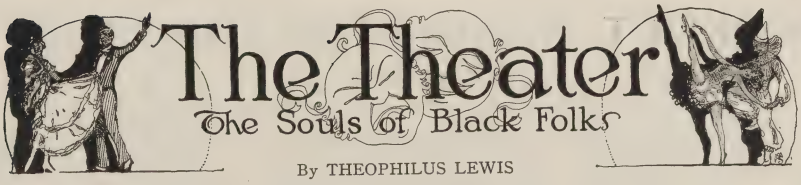
Upper Left: Mr. and Mrs. Johnson endeavor to spend a quiet Saturday evening at home in spite of the radios, phonographs, player-pianos and the youthful exponents of the Charleston and Black Bottom.

Upper Right: Mr. Henry Cole returns home after a two-year trip abroad and has difficulty in recognizing his wife and daughter who have undergone the celebrated whitewashing process.

Center: Snapshot of Brother Elias Whamm, prominent Sunday School Superintendent from the hinterland, three hours after delivering a stirring lecture on Salvaging Modern Youth at a church conference in New York City.

Lower Left: Rev. Imus Yelp, noted itinerant evangelist, inadvertently breaks the A.A.U. High Jump record during the heat of his sermon.

Lower Right: Portrait of Dr. N. Fernal Bore, PDQ, SOS, SOL, prominent social worker who has just completed the collection of data on The Sizes of Left Feet Among Negro Domestics in 257 Urban Centers, triumphantly indicating the fruits of his indefatigable research to the Hon. I. Shakem Down, prominent white philanthropist, whose hobby is subsidizing social work. Dr. Bore, it is said, is also President of the Kom Bea Moron fraternity.



By THEOPHILUS LEWIS

REFLECTIONS OF AN ALLEGED DRAMATIC CRITIC

Stigma—An Advance in Acting

The Sekondi Players—An Advance in Staging

The Ballyhoo and the Razz

WHEN Massa Paul Green arrived in in town with "In Abraham's Bosom" Mayor Walker was sunning his heels in the moist and salubrious atmosphere of the tropics where there ain't no Eighteenth Commandment and a man can raise a thirst, hence there was nobody on hand to present the key to the city to the celebrated dramatist, but outside of that the orgies the College of Dramatic Critics had arranged in honor of the distinguished visitor were worthy of a king's entry. Massa Paul's arrival at Manhattan Transfer was announced by the blowing of every factory whistle between Harrison and Hoboken and when he stepped off the Pullman in the Pennsylvania Terminal he was greeted with an artillery salute of nineteen guns and a firecracker. His triumphant march to the Provincetown Playhouse was marked by a continuous blast of trumpets, the crash of cymbals, the sound of brass and an antiphonal chorus of spirituals, arranged and orchestrated by Barret H. Clark and chanted by platoons of hungry Negro actors happy at the prospect of regular beans and pork chops. As a fitting climax to the festivities, Massa Paul, amidst a tremendous blowing of noses, was presented with a volume of the kudos of the reviewers of the white dailies and a copy of Miss Jessie Faucet's ecomium in which she extols the recipient as peer to Aeschylus and Euripides. Miss Faucet's panegyric was inscribed in letters of gold on beautifully embossed vellum, plush bound and embellished with the calling cards of ribald horseflies. When the tumult and the shouting died "In Abraham's Bosom" had been grandly ballyhooed from the incommodius MacDougal Street playhouse to more ritzy and lucrative quarters adjacent to Broadway.

It is devoutly to be hoped that Dorothy Manley and Donald Duff, having observed the canonization of Massa Paul, will reflect on the significance of the event and govern themselves accordingly the next time they try their luck with an inter-racial drama. "In Abraham's Bosom" is a play with a message for the thoughtful playwright, and if Miss Manley and Mr. Duff ponder its lesson well and avoid some of the faults of "Stigma," their last play, there is no reason in the world why their next inter-racial drama should not be a corker that will not only win the acclaim of the critics but fetch the authors plenty of bucks as well. "Stigma," of course was hopeless, and the reason was because the authors wrote the play without first giving sufficient study to Negro psychology. Its numerous and egregious flaws not only show that they were only wholly unfamiliar with Negro life but also cause one to wonder if they didn't write the play before they had even seen the photograph of a genuine Negro. For it is only by presuming lack of experience on the part of the authors that one can account for the strange and naïve notions of Negro behavior disclosed in the course of the action.

The first big mistake the authors made was when they fashioned their colored character on the obviously unsound premise that in the stress of emotion Negroes behave like human beings. Another serious error was neglecting to write a scene in which three or more Negroes luxuriate in religious hysteria and another scene which would give six high yellow ladies of pleasure and a couple of sweetback men a chance to display their virtuosity in dancing the Charleston. But the most fatal blunder of all was their failure to arrange a *scene a faire* showing an ink-sweating piano mover cavorting about a purple lighted stage with his undershirt torn off and his hams exposed. In short, they ignored the obvious fact that Negro life expresses itself mainly in aberrations and proceeded to write the play in the coherent, intelligible manner which is appropriate only when handling material taken all compact from a white social background.

As a result of these unsound methods the play failed to go over with either critics or public. Apparently Mr. Barret H. Clark did not see enough merit in the piece to warrant spraying a single atomizer of banana oil on the pleasantly embarrassed authors, Miss Faucet has not yet compared them favorably with even Augier and Sandeau, and instead of being the recipient of a big parade from the Village to Broadway "Stigma" was honored with a procession of a slightly different nature. The procession consisted of one hearse and one hack, and the line of march was from the Cherry Lane to the storehouse. Speaking for myself, I must admit my case hardened bosom is not disturbed by the slightest suggestion of regret. I leave the luxury of that emotion to Miss Manley and Mr. Duff. It was their funeral.

My interest in "Stigma" was limited to Miss Doralyne Spence's acting. The play called for four characters, three white and one colored, all of equal importance. The colored character was a strong, placid Negro woman mated illegally with a brilliant but mercurial white student. Miss Spence interpreted the part in a facile and persuasive manner that left practically no room for improvement. Only two or three minor details of her performance were open to correction. The most noticeable flaw in her work was when, not more than twice, she addressed her lines to the audience instead of the character she was talking to, but for all I know the director had instructed her to do that.

Far too often for comfort the work of colored dramatic actors forces a reviewer to discuss the potential rather than the actual merit of a performance. Miss Spence's acting in "Stigma" was an exception. It was the most competent performance by a colored actress I have seen since Dora Cole played "Hattie" in "All God's Chillun."

The Sekondi Players

The Sekondi Players, most of whose members are Yonkers high school students, appear to be the most enthusiastic and active of all the groups working to establish a real Negro theatre. These qualities—energy, enthusiasm, youth—are of first importance to a movement which will require years to mature. The Negro theatre is a young movement and it stands to gain more from young people with their natural inclination to explore and venture and absorb new ideas combined with an expectancy of life which will enable them to give the theatre the benefit of their knowledge and experience.

The guiding spirit of The Sekondi Players is Heemsley Winfield, and right now I know of less than half a dozen figures of more value to our theatre and drama. He has gathered more empirical knowledge of the various departments of the theatre than any other member of the younger group and The Sekondi Players furnish him a convenient laboratory for making experiments. His forte is scenic designing and to that craft he brings not only efficiency in technique but also a vivid sense of theatrical effectiveness. His experience in modern stagecraft combined with his knowledge of how to apply it to the special requirements of the little theatre marks him as the present outstanding leader in his field. No one group should have a monopoly of his services. All the little theatre movements in the metropolis should call him in to help out with their problems of staging, and they should pay him as well as they can afford.

A. W. O. L.

What is beyond the shadow of doubt the greatest disaster the hard pressed anti-censorship forces have suffered since their ancient enemy, the berserk Anthony Comstock, was called to his heavenly rest was the recent temporary but nevertheless dismaying desertion of General George Jean Nathan who went over to the roundheads with three brigades of adjectives and twen-

(*Concluded on page* 135)

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON AND REBIRTH

By A. SAGGITARIUS

In an article, "Rebirth and the Negro" which appeared in the March issue of THE MESSENGER, a general outline of the Theory of Rebirth was given. For the benefit of those who are not acquainted with the subjects, as well as to make the present article clear, a repitition is necessary.

Certain schools of Christian philosophy claim that man is a God in embryo. He enfolds within himself all divine possibilities, as an acorn does an oak tree. These possibilities are gradually unfolded by means of many lives lived in material bodies which are always increasing in quality. The goal aimed at being perfection and reunion with God, the original source of our being.

The claim of this theory is, that it offers a rational solution to many of the perplexing problems of life, by leaving progress to individual and collective efforts and not to the unfair and partial distribution of favors by a prejudiced and popularly advertised white God. Thus as an illustration, if an ego, or individualized spirit, inhabiting a certain body, gained prominence in musc, the knowledge worked for would appear as special talent in the next embodiment. It would also place him ahead of any who had not done an equal amount of work or had a similar success in that specific line of endeavor.

It is then quite plain that our present status—physical, mental, social and spiritual are the effects of past efforts. Our future development will depend also on our past and present activities.

This theory, when accepted, as a guiding principle in life, has the tendency of building a spirit of independence and the will to overcome obstacles. It must not be supposed that the spirit is limited to the unfoldment alone of latent possibilities; because the quality of Epigenesis, or nascent creative power, is also an endowment and is responsible for the genius.

Of the many Negro leaders of our time, none was given a more prominent place, by the whites, than the late Booker T. Washington, founder of Tuskegee Institute, an industrial school for Negroes. He was a man of splendid ability and the good he did, for those among his lot was cast, will always stand out as a monument to his name.

It is true, however, that Washington was not accepted universally, by Negroes as their leader. He was placed in power by the whites and like them did not believe in the policy of higher education for the masses of the Negro race. To this policy was opposed Dr. W. E. B. DuBois and a large faction, who espoused the cultural life and unrestricted education. It was inevitable that these two prominent leaders, working for a similar cause, but from angles diametrically opposed could not meet on a common platform for the general good. The result was disunion where solidarity should be and weakness and disintegration where strength and uplift were needed.

This article is not intended to deal with the merits or demerits of the two Negro schools of thought; but to examine Washington's policies under the light of the theory of rebirth.

Broadly classified under the head of those who have worked and are working for the uplift and general advancement of the Negro race, are the honest and unselfish white men and the honest and unselfish Negroes. These may be subdivided into the orthodox and the radical. The psychology of the former, heir of the institution of slavery and its resultant evils, is shallow in its conception, and cannot unshackle itself from the idea of inate white superiority. from its lofty and entrenched eminence it strives to bestow a modicum of justice whenever that is possible and its truly shocked when wanton cruelty and unmerited harshness disrupts the quiet order. From his world of thought and his dominating sphere of action radiates complexes laden with ideas of Negro inferiority. These permeating the auras of their victims from childhood, set up similar ideas in their consciousness. Thus we see a race, largely composed of individuals suffering from the inferiority complex, which is the germ of dependence and the grave yard of independence.

The radicals comprise the few who have escaped the all enveloping tentacles of this mental octopus and who are directing their batteries of truth, from the press and the platform, in a gallant attempt at freedom of the race from mental slavery and spiritual obscurity.

The radicals, as their name implies are deep in their concepts, broad in their percepts and have caught the vision of the true brotherhood of man, the sameness of his source and the similarity of his ultimate attainments.

No passing cloud dims the clarity of that vision which holds separate the life, and the form in which it is temporarily ensouled; and from which escape is accomplished as soon as its work is done or the law of causation so decrees. Immortality knows neither color nor creed and merely registers various stages of evolutionary depelopment, physical and material achievements, spiritual growth and soul power. Each of the races, now inhabiting the earth, presents certain characteristics peculiar to itself and marks it distinctly from all others. Hence the economy of nature the Grand Architect of the universe traces with His stencil the various roads traveled by each race in its evolutionary path and marks the stags of progress that it now enjoys by rights of application.

If the policies and methods adopted by the late Booker T. Washington, as a race leader, be examined carefully, their similarity to those advocated by the conservative white well-wisher will be noted. He had a clear conception of their mental make-up, repeated to them exactly what they thought best, as the solution of the Negro problem and told them the jokes that they believed illustrative of Negro life. In short he so interpreted their, thoughts for them, as if they were his own, that his objective—support of his projects, was invariably accomplished and he left richer for the visit and the financial welfare of Tuskegee.

A diplomat of great versatility, he fed those whose influence and help he wished to gain with ideas that dovetailed with their preconceived opinions and soothed their conceits. There is little doubt that the policy of a Negro radical would not have had the same far-reaching effect in that direction as did that of Washington. However, the matter of the goal would have to be decided on first, before a reasonable comparison could be made. In dealing with the theory of Rebirth the law of attraction plays a very significant part and the ego is, under the law of causation, reborn to conditions most favorable to the continuance and working out of its destiny generated so far. In the history of the Moravian Church, cases have been cited, where German missionaries voluntarily took up the yoke of slavery in order to be able to teach and help West Indian slaves. A grand sacrifice and truly altruistic! Let us use as a postulate—the assertion of the mystic the late Max Heindel, that in a past embodiment the ego who later functioned in a Negro body under the name of Booker T. Washington occupied a white body.

He would have thereby gained the psychology of the white man which he later so ably displaced. It would then be within the realms of possibility that his actions at that time caused him to incur debts toward black men, that to liquidate, it became necessary for him to do the particular work in which he later engaged.

Viewed from another angle he may have worked among them while ensouled in a white body and decided that much better progress could be made by taking on a similar body as those among whom he worked. In that case his views would be purely that of the white man. In addition he would be able from his new brain formation to simulate with ease the humility of the Negro—a characteristic he was often highly commended for, by his white patrons. Great soul growth would attend his last ensoulment if it was a voluntary sacrifice to serve. If he was forced by the law of cause and effect then his debt must have been justly paid. Examined under the theory of Rebirth his strictly white and conservative attitude towards the solution of the so-called Negro problem receives additional light. Whatever may have been his failings, there can be little doubt that the contribution of Washington to Negro uplift was quite marked. However, leaders will always differ. Alexander the Great, believed wealth and power would please Diogenes while that worthy Sapant only wanted sunlight to pursue his calculations. Who can tell?

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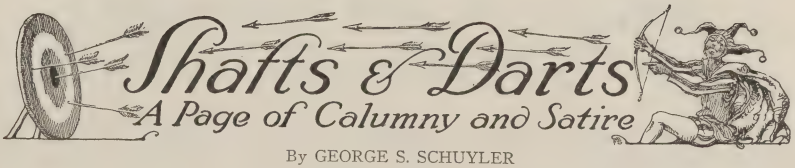

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

In DEFENSE OF POODLES

THE vociferous gabbling of "race" journalists, social workers, self-proclaimed students and professional calamity howlers over the declining birth rate of Homo Africanus in this glorious land of Morgan, Ford and Company, is only exceeded by similar squawks from the Lugubrious Minority of Nordics concerning the same tendencies in their group. There have been more tears shed over the declining birth rate than a certain Negro organization sheds over the slump in lynching. On a thousand platforms, priests, politicians and plutocrats hoof back and forth, swinging their arms, blowing saliva and raising much sweat beseeching the modern female to have more and better babies in order that this Republic of the people, for the people and by the people shall not perish from the face of the earth: that is to say, in order that there be more prospective church members, more votes and political offices, and more wage slaves for the industrial reserve army, to the end that wages may be kept at a "sensible level."

Mr. Schuyler

But modern woman, now escaped from the slavery of the home to that of the office and factory, is paying no more attention to this clamor and furore than an intelligent person does to the vaporings of Christian Scientists, Theosophists, Rotarians, Holy Rollers and such picturesque ninnies. Having marched into wage slavery under the banner of Feminism, the gals are insisting quite consistently on the industrial as well as civil rights "enjoyed" by men. In other words she demands the right to be bulldozed by a boss, the right to rush to and from industrial slave pens every day in crowded street cars and subways, and the right to spend her own money with the installment collector, the landlord, the butcher, the grocer, the "number" banker, the clergyman and the pawnbroker.

Though now as intensely modern as a wireless telephone or a Kiwanis meeting, the erstwhile domestic drudge—now engaged in beating a typewriter, running a sewing machine, sorting out dirty laundry and packing away peaches and tripe—has not as yet lost the mothering instinct. Having, with the aid of the drug stores and the professional abortionists, almost discontinued child birth (though a lusty brat does occasionally see the light of the world in spite of the opposition), she must perforce have a substitute, an ersatz baby. She still yearns for something to fondle, coddle, kiss, bathe, pet and feed; something that she can leave at home chained to the bedpost while she and the husband (if any) rush downtown to collect enough dinero to hold off the landlord, the sheriff, and other such burglars; something that doesn't cry all night, doesn't require a hired nursemaid, doesn't have to be hauled to school every morning, doesn't contract a dozen maladies a year (to the enrichment of physicians) and otherwise constitute an annoyance and expense. In response to this Feminist urge for a substitute baby, we have ladies and gentlemen, The Poodle.

Despite the evident service it is performing, the little thing has been the butt of more ridicule, calumny and cussing than Marcus Garvey, Kaiser Wilhelm, William Jennings Bryan, or even the Negro race. Cartoonists, caricaturists, clegymen and capitalists have flayed these little doggies, husbands have cursed them and kicked them enroute to curbstone latrines, but emancipated woman vigorously defends them and quite literally presses them to her breast. The women are refusing to be dogged by man while allowing the dog to man their apartments. Many a man viewing the situation blurts out, "Well, I'll be dogged."

While others of the male species grow as hot under the collar as an atheist at a Baptist convention over this situation, I am keeping kool with Koolidge. As the popular song goes, "It's All the Same to Me." Let evolution take its course, say I, if possible, accelerate it with a hefty boot. This phenomenon should spread as far as Capitalism, Christianity and Colorphobia—the Invincible Triumvirate. Not only will it ultimately bring about a solution of the Negro problem but of the social problem as well. Humanity must be improved, world peace must come, justice must prevail, right must triumph, politics must be purified, virtue must increase, the Sermon on the Mount must win the world, race prejudice must disappear and the exploitation of man by man must forever cease. All sober and broadminded citizens will endorse that platform.

It is as obvious then as the stupidity of most liberals or the gullibility of voters that the aforementioned blessings can only come with the reduction of the population to zero. While increasing syphilization and civilization are slowly bringing this about (accelerated during the War to End War), it must be generally agreed that the most pleasant and least painful method is the raising of Chows instead of children.

Thus all forward-lookers and earnest reformers will join me in praising the poodle as an unconscious benefactor of the so-called human race. But praise and understanding are not enough. We must sacrifice something if we would bring in more rapidly the childless world, *i.e.*, the world without men and women. We must organize, agitate and educate. We must "give until it hurts" in order to make this a better world to live in—at least for the lower(?) animals.

Hence, as a constructive proposal to expedite the millennium, I suggest the organization of the Child Substitute Association of the World. I shall agree to serve as the executive secretary of the same at some such modest salary as that received by George E. Haynes, Eugene Kinckle Jones, R. R. Moton or James Weldon Johnson. I too am willing to make a sacrifice for mankind, which, of course, I insist, includes myself.

There ought to be no difficulty in getting the dog fanciers, kennel proprietors and dog biscuit manufacturers to contribute liberally to the cause, while the wealthiest and most cultured women will not hesitate to take out life memberships. Thus the success of such an organization would be virtually assured, especially since modern civilization is so effectively destroying what remains of the home and the emancipated women clamor ever more loudly for the right to be wage slaves alongside their brothers and husbands.

The first task of such an organization would naturally be the time-honored practice of sending news releases to the press every day outlining the aims and objects, all, of course, properly sugar coated and humanized. Then lectures should be given on such subjects as, "Why Children?" "Poodles and Progress," "The Dog and the Home," and so forth. The official publication should be issued at least once a month and bear some such name as "The Poodle," "The Substitute Baby," or "The Twentieth Century 'Child.'" Effective slogans such as "A Poodle a Day Keeps Babies Away," "Raise a Poodle and Save Money," and "Have You a Little Poodle in Your Home?" should be adopted and briskly advertised until every little woman has a poodle of her own.

As a solvent of world problems, the poodle is better in every way than either Socialism, Anarchism, Rheumatism, Alcoholism, the League of Nations, Influenza, Garveyism, Pelmanism, Rotary, Tuberculosis, Free Trade or universal warfare. So let us boost, not knock (or kick), the poodle. Let the new message be heard around the world: More Poodles to the Square Mile!

Next Month:

Advice to Budding Imperialists

FEBRUARY'S BEST EDITORIAL

Selected from the American Negro Press, weeks ending February 5, 12 and 19th

By EUGENE GORDON

Well Known Journalist on the Editorial Staff of The Boston Post

This matter of selecting the "best" one of any class of things is always full of risks for the foolhardy who attempt it; however, those who explain their methods more often escape wrath than those who do not. As a matter of necessity, especially if one person makes the selection, the method must be arbitrary. If it be arbitrary it must follow certain lines of guidance—certain rules from which no appeal is allowed. Moreover, the word "best," as used nowadays in our appraisal of qualities in stories, books, newspapers, plays, and so on, is far from being an absolute term; at best "best" as thus employed is merely relative, and its relativeness becomes apparent in proportion as the selector of the "best" be a "committee" of one person or of several. For that reason no story or editorial or book or play selected as the "best" should be considered as unqualifiedly perfect; it should be considered merely as having met more thoroughly than any other story or editorial or book or play that was read by the selector the arbitrary rules or tests applied to it.

As there are in other literary forms certain elastic principles which govern them, so are there in the newspaper editorial. For the purpose of this new department, however, the elasticity must be removed, and the principles made hard and rigid. If this were not done the rules would not be arbitrary, and arbitrary they must be, to be effective, in this particular undertaking. I have made for my use a standard rule by which each editorial read during the month will be measured. That one which adjusts itself most nearly perfectly to this standard will be chosen as the best of all those examined.

LINCOLN'S and Douglass' natal day anniversaries, the alleged move of Liberia against American missionaries, and Negro History Week furnished subjects for the larger number of editorials in the February Negro press. Three or four papers, notably the Washington *Tribune* (the 18th), the Pittsburgh *Courier* (the 5th), and the Amsterdam *News* (the 9th), really said something worth while on these subjects. Most of the others seemed to think that they must say *something*, and *something* they said, because it was customary.

I wish to point out some very obvious editorial and editorial page faults: (1) absence of a dateline from the masthead; (2) verbosity; (3) dearth of facts in the premise. Few of the papers carry a dateline in the masthead, and some of them (for example, the *Public Journal*) have no date anywhere on the editorial page. Too many words are used to say little. Often, as in the case of the Atlanta *Independent*, in nearly every issue, the subject is exhausted in half the length of the editorial, yet the words roll on. (The Philadelphia *Tribune* offends in the same way.) An editorial writer should be sure of his facts; not only should he be sure of them, but he should be careful, in stating them, that the reader *knows* he is sure. The Pittsburgh *Courier* (not the only guilty one) made this statement in an editorial called "Atlanta's Bathtub Party": "While Earl Carroll, the young New York theatrical producer, is making his last appeal to keep from spending the next two years in Uncle Sam's walled hostelry in Atanta for staging a bathtub party in wicked Gotham," etc. That is not true. Earl Carroll was arrested, tried and convicted for perjury, and for that alone.

There were some good editorials. I am sorry that those for February 26 could not be considered, but they were either lost or delayed in the mails between THE MESSENGER office and my home in Cambridge, for I have not yet received them. Those considered were from the papers of February 5th, 12th, and 19th (including also, of course, those from papers published earlier in the weeks adjacent to these dates). If those of the 26th should turn up, they will be considered with the March lot.

Perhaps the papers which most consistently present their cases (editorially) in a logical form, seldom failing to achieve the result aimed for, are the Philadelphia *Tribune* and the Amsterdam *News*. The Amsterdam *News*' are often more effective because briefer. The Dallas *Express*, the Pittsburgh *Courier*, the *Union* (Cincinnati), the Chicago *Whip*, and the Chicago *Defender* are among the scant dozen papers which say vigorously and well what they have to say, going directly to the point even though too often failing to take successively logical steps to reach it.

Because it is timely and pertinent; because it is clearly enough written to clarify the situation entirely for those who are interested in the matter; because it displays no prejudice either for or against; because it informs; and finally, because it comes nearer than any other to conforming to the standard I have made, the following editorial from the Pittsburgh *Courier* of February 5th, is selected as the *best* of those read that month.

(*Continued on page* 134)

LIBERIA AND THE MISSIONARIES

According to press reports recently received in this country, President C. D. B. King of Liberia, is said to have recommended to the legislature of his country that the good offices of the foreign Christian missionaries be dispensed with and that the control of such activities be left to the citizens of Liberia. This alleged suggestion of the head of the Liberian Government has naturally aroused considerable discussion. To those religious organizations that have for nearly a century sent men, women and money into Liberia this naturally seems like a very ungrateful gesture. Something like a quarter of a million dollars is spent by Negro denominations for missionary work in Africa, and a large portion of that amount is spent in Liberia, and much good work has probably been accomplished. It is said that the Negro missionaries in Liberia have done much to aid the little West African Republic in housebuilding and general economic improvement.

Such an action as that recommended by President King is not, of course, unprecedented. Henry VIII of England, broke with the Catholics and founded the Anglican Church, and in the 17th Century the Japanese authorities expelled all Christian missionaries from their Empire. In both instances the reason for this action was similar to that stated by President King; namely, to get rid of foreign educational influences and place the control of such activities under natives of the country.

Liberia, like all other countries, has its special problems, and doubtless feels that they can best be solved by Liberians. This is unquestionably in line with the theory of self-determination of nations enunciated by the late President Wilson. Liberia can doubtless struggle along without foreign missionaries, Negro or Caucasian, particularly since the Firestone Company has guaranteed the economic advantages that the missionaries have tried to give. As for the Negro missionaries and the thousands of dollars that they spend annually in Liberia, they can use their time, money and talents to as good, and probably better advantage, right here in the United States. Better housing and better economic advantages are sorely needed among American Negroes, and the challenge of decreasing church membership among Aframericans should certainly stimulate the Negro missionaries to more intensive and intelligent activity right here in these so obviously United States.

Hence, the loss to Liberia (if such it should prove to be) may redound to the advantage of the American Negroes.

Business & Industry

THE Department of Labor at Washington, D. C., reports that Negro workers comprise 65 per cent of the employees in the laundries of Chicago, Ill. The principal occupations in which they are engaged are on mangles, at washers, as starchers, shirt finishers, folders, etc. One employer reported six colored men "in charge" at his plant; while another reported "five who are 'foremen' or in some especially responsible position." Another laundry employer reported in his group of fifty colored workers "three engineers and a watchman, seven washermen and wringermen, ten general workers, and thirty in the flatwork department." He regarded "seven as holding responsible places" at wages up to $40 a week. The general opinion prevails that the services of the Negro workers are satisfactory; but it is generally charged that their turnover is too high.

An investigation of Negro laundry workers in New York City, revealed that Negro workers comprised 20 per cent. of the workers in the laundries there. There the Negoes are in the following occupations: Ironers, ironing machine operatives, porters and wash room operatives, washers, folders, receivers, shirt operators, flat work operators, wringermen, mangle operators, general helpers, shakers, feeders, checkers, take-off, extractor men, drivers, etc. Wages in both cities appear to vary according to weekly hours of service at each particular plant. *It's time we owned more laundries—as much washing and ironing as we do.*

Negroes in Norfolk have formed a business league and are ready to begin an active program. *Every Negro community ought to have one of these.*

Mr. James Boone of Portsmouth, Va., has opened a floral shop at 943 Count Street, that city. *This ought to be a good business—what with our high death rate.*

The first South-wide conference of Negro farm supervising agents was held recently at the State College, Orangeburg, S. C.

The Mme. C. J. Walker Mfg. Co. has announced through its manager, Mr. F. B. Ransom, that a half million dollar structure housing factory and business offices is soon to be erected on the northwest corner of Indiana and West Streets, Indianapolis, Ind. It will be four stories high, fireproof, and will contain also a theater auditorium with a seating capacity of 1,500. *Business must be good.*

A charter has been recently granted the Investment Loan Corporation at Topeka, Kan. It is the first colored finance corporation ever chartered in Kansas. Capital stock is placed at $75,000, stock selling at $12 a share. *Well, there doesn't seem to be anything the matter with the dark section of Kansas!*

T. Arnold Hill of the National Urban League reports that the attitude of the white labor unions toward Negroes is much more favorable than formerly. *That's encouraging.*

The Eagle Life Insurance Company of New Orleans, La., reports that the receipts of the company increased by $25,000 in 1926, and that the net profits for the year were almost $9,000. *This eagle appears to be soaring.*

George Smith & Son, a firm of chimney cleaners in New York City, is reported to be the oldest Negro business in the United States, having been in existence since 1835. It is a Negro business only in the sense that it is owned by J. Wesley Smith, a Negro, since most of the work is done for white people. Mr. Smith is a ventilation expert who has been consulted on many occasions in connection with big buildings. *Color was evidently no handicap here.*

Local 6, Brotherhood of Dining Car Employees, has just elected officers. It reports a membership of 600. This Negro union has a total of 3,000 members. Because they have sense enough to be organized, these dining car employees have won wage increases and better working conditions. *In union there is strength. Hackneyed, but true, folks!*

Two Negroes, Harvey and Mosee, have opened a garage worth $100,000 at 23rd and Pine Streets, St. Louis, Mo. *As a group, we burn much gasoline; it's time we sold more.*

It is rumored that the National Benefit Life Insurance Company, headed by R. H. and S. W. Rutherford and boasting 43 millions of insurance in force, is dickering for the business of the Standard Life Insurance Company of Atlanta, Ga. *This is a pleasant rumor.*

Mr. Frank J. Walker, prominent New Orleans clubman and a railway mail clerk for the last 15 years, has opened up a garage and service station with storage facilities and repair shop. The building will be erected entirely by Negroes and all the interior work will be done by able artisans. It will cost $20,000. *New Orleans should be proud of this.*

The Victory Life Insurance Company of Chicago which boasts of four million dollars worth of business and which employs over 300 Negroes, has been granted a charter by the Insurance Department of New York State. Its office now brightens Seventh Avenue, the *Boulevard Des Senegambians* of Gotham. *If the New York Negroes support the Victory Life like they do the booileggers and hot-stuff men, this venture will be a huge success.*

Frank Whitehead, a Negro farmer in Zuni, Va., reports that he bought two pigs for ten dollars, spent sixty-five dollars for feed, expended sixteen dollars on labor, and then sold the two porkers for $156.90, or a net profit of $65.40. *This shows what you can do with the humble porkers, folks.*

The Senate of the sovereign state of South Carolina has just passed a bill prohibiting colored barbers from serving white women. It is expected that the lower house will also pass the bill. *It seems that Negro barbers are to get less haircuts down in South Carolina, or at least the Nordic solons fervently hope so. We wonder!*

The bruit goeth about that M. Florenz Ziegfeld, he of the colorful and tuneful annual Follies, is training a chorus of brown-skin girls (not high yellows) for his latest theatrical extravaganza. *Can you beat it! The Negro managers have been caught napping again. We have been begging them on our bended knees to take an All-Black chorus on Broadway for the last six years but they continue to hire girls who are indistinguishable from the chorus of Earl Carroll's Vanities. Oh, well, live and learn!*

At the South Florida Fair, Negroes won nearly $400 in prizes for agricultural and home economics exhibits. *There are other activities in Florida besides lynching.*

The Economy Dry Goods store of Dallas, Texas, reports a thriving mail order business in the states of Texas, Oklahoma and Mississippi. *That's a progressive group of Negroes in Dallas.*

The Aframerican Academy
Key to Photographs

Frank H. Wilson

Born in New York, Mr. Wilson has been a Post Office employee since 1912. For ten years he appeared in vaudeville and with colored shows. He has been a member of the Lafayette Stock Co. and the Acme Players, has produced 11 of his one-act plays at the Lincoln Theatre, N. Y. City, has appeared to advantage in Taboo, All God's Chillun Got Wings, The Emperor Jones, The Dreamy Kid, and in Abraham's Bosom. In the latter play he played the lead on a minute's notice. Won the first prize in the 1926 Opportunity contest with "Sugar Cain," soon to be produced. Will shortly appear in the Theatre Guild's production of "Porgy." At present he is rehearsing the Aldridge Players, a group of dramatic students.

Eugene Gordon

A native Floridian and "happy to be *from* Florida," Mr. Gordon has had a brilliant career as an officer in the A. E. F., as a member of the editorial staff of the Boston "Post," where he edits fiction and feature material, as a leading editorial writer on the Boston "Chronicle," as founder and president of the Saturday Evening Quill Club, an organization of young Boston writers, as "discoverer" of Dorothy West and Marieta Bonner, and as a capable critic of the Negro press, whose trenchant articles have appeared in the "Fourth Estate," "Opportunity," "The American

(*Continued on page* 135)

Declining Nordic Imperialism

THE TWILIGHT OF THE WHITE RACES, by Maurice Muret. Translated by Mrs. Touzalin. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 286 pages. Price $3.

REVIEWED BY GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

Someone has said that every social order has within it the seeds of its destruction. This is as true of the present social order as of those of the past. With the introduction of gunpowder into Europe and the discovery of America, modern imperialism started. Spaniards, Portuguese, English, Dutch, French, Italian, Germans and Russians entered into a long period of robbery and exploitation of the so-called backward nations of Asia, Africa, America and Australia. On this basis modern capitalist imperialism is founded. In order to perpetuate itself it must continually expand, seeking new markets in which to invest its surplus money fleeced from the workers at home. It re-creates itself in all parts of the world and in doing so plants the seeds of the problems facing it at home. It is only natural that in time there should arise in the subject countries the cry for independence and self-government, first from the ranks of the native bourgeoisie and students, and finally from the ranks of the exploited native workers.

By coincidence it happens that the imperialist exploiters are white while the exploited natives are yellow, brown and black. Thus the struggle against the expanding capitalist imperialism is resolving itself into a struggle between the white and colored peoples of the world. In this struggle the author, a Frenchman who knows his subject very well, sees the whites getting the worst of it, because of their declining numbers as compared with the colored peoples and because of conflicts between the white nations such as the late struggle for democracy via the cemeteries.

M. Muret seems to have read everything worth while on the subject he discusses and the array of facts he presents to the reader is extraordinary. Of course, he writes always as a white man and occasionally with much of the bias of a Kleagle of the Ku Klux Klan, a Lothrop Stoddard or a Madison Grant. France and Great Britain he calls "the two chief torch-bearers of human progress." Again he says: "No other civilization has accomplished as much for humanity," in speaking of Nordic imperialism.

The book is divided into fifteen chapters. In the first chapter entitled "Europe Discredited" the author tells of the weakening morally and materially of the great white imperialist nations through war, internal labor struggles, declining birth rate, awakening of the darker races through the introduction of industrial science, the late world war, and the results of modern methods of communication. In the second chapter the author deals with "Wilsonism and Its Disruptive Tendency." Therein he tells how Wilson threw the fat into the fire for the white imperialists with his hypocritical idealism and yawping about "making the world safe for democracy," "freedom of the seas" and "self-determination." Muret refers to Wilson as "This man who did so much harm to the world while meaning so much good."

In the third chapter on the "Bolshevist Challenge" the author wails over the "menace" of Bolshevism to capitalism, which is, of course, white. He looks upon Russia under Communism as betraying the white race. The next chapter, called "The Dragon Among the Stars," deals with the success of Bolshevik propaganda among the subject and oppressed peoples of the world. In the next chapter, on "The Rise of the Black Race," Muret disparages the ability of the Negroes, whom he asserts have been helped by white imperialism, but he admits they have progressed. He fears their educated leaders and naturally considers them a menace to white exploitation. "Islam," he sobs, "makes more rapid and solid progress in Africa than does Christianity" and he naturally deplores the fact. "The Negro," he avers, "whether in Africa, Oceania, or in America, shows himself capable of progress not only intellectual but moral, and that too in the very morality which we preach." The author is quite familiar with the doctrines of Booker T. Washington, W. E. B. Du Bois and Marcus Garvey. Of the latter he says: "Garvey, born in Jamaica, of pure Negro blood, who to a quick perception of the abstract joins a complete lack of practical sense, a taste for everything fanciful, and the activities of a charlatan." Of the Black Star Line he says: "This enterprise was a sensational failure almost before it had begun to exist." Of the erudite Dr. DuBois, Muret has this to say: "A professor of political economy, more learned than Garvey, whom he detests, but not less crammed with unsound ideas. ...DuBois struggles to extend the rights of the black in America, and believes in solving the problem by an amalgamation of the two races of which he is himself an example, not perhaps so amazing as he thinks." Of the Pan-African Congresses, we are told that "several...have been held in that capital (Paris) without attracting much attention." In "The Attrition of the White Race in Africa" he continues to view with alarm the alleged progress of the Negroes. "In spite of the theory that they are incapable of progress," says he, "the Negroes, in contact with the white population, began to become civilized." Of the whites in Africa, he says: "the whites show a certain discouragement, and seem on the point of giving up the struggle." He seemingly deplores the fact that some of the Negro nations in Africa are of "good stock and superior character, and therefore dangerous enemies to the power of the white rulers." Muret is particularly disturbed about the Bantu and the Basutos. The entire chapter is a loud wail about the loosening grip of the whites in Africa, particularly South Africa, and the challenge of the rapidly progressing blacks.

There are chapters dealing with "North Africa and Europe," "Turkey Against Europe, "The Arabs Against Europe." "India Under the English," "The United States and the Awakening of the Peoples," "Japan and the Great Powers," "The Red Flag at Pekin" and "The Reaction of the West." His chapter on "The Problem of the Negro in the United States" could well have been written by any Kleagle of the Klan. He sobs about "the mingling of races which are too unlike gives disastrous results," and charges that "the black is the most primitive of human beings." In referring to the migration of the Negroes to the Northern States, he mentions the facts that the white reformers who so ardently howled for justice to the Negro "do not speak so loudly since they have their own Negroes." And further: "The southern Negroes settled in the North do not find themselves so badly off. They become acclimatized; they enjoy their increased well-being, and, as a logical consequence, they become refined and civilized."

The author concludes by stating that "Race conflicts will take on a more pitiless character as they become complicated by a merciless class war. May not the lowest elements of society, who call themselves proletarians and assert that they are exploited, ally themselves with the inferior peoples, who also claim that they have been wronged in their rights and interests? The proletariat and the colored peoples together could easily attain that power for which they are both eager." He sees a possibility of Germany, Russia, Asia and Japan becoming united in a struggle against the imperialism of England, France and the United States. With a heavy sigh of resignation to the inevitable, he says on the last page: "The results of unforeseen minglings of races may be better than our still vague anthropological science would lead us to fear...In the western world of tomorrow the mixture of races will be even more general, but the greater mankind thus developed may still achieve a noble destiny." This is a book that can be read with great profit.

The Sable Guinea Pig

THE AMERICAN RACE PROBLEMS A Study of the Negro. By Edward Byron Reuter. New York. Thomas Y. Crowell Company, $2.50.

Reviewed by JAMES W. IVY

THE lowly guinea pig is the laboratory animal *par excellence*. He is an unique laboratory animal. With his aid scientists are able to prove or disprove the truth of this or that biological, chemical or physiological theory. Of course anti-vivisectionists bawl against such a cruel use of a dumb being; but they bawl in vain. Scientists merely ignore their imbecilities.

In the social laboratory Negroes are fast becoming the guinea pigs. For Negroes are becoming the most thoroughly studied, indexed and classified human beings in the Republic. As Dr. Reuter himself says: "The Negro in America offers one of the most neglected opportunities for scientific study of any group in the modern world" (p. 18). All this is quite true. Yet I can think of no work in this field that is in any rational sense scientific, Reuter not excepted. Men may write of the quantum theory or the periodic table with a minimum of emotion; but it is virtually impossible for the most impartial social scientist to write of, say prohibition, religion, or the so-called race problem, with the same objectivity. This is to be expected, for we find ourselves integral parts of the very social problems that we are studying. To follow the theory of probabilities to its logical conclusion is to indulge in abstract ratiocination emotionally divorced from our matter-of-fact daily life. However, to follow, say, the doctrine that black-white amalgamation is actually beneficial biologically to its logical conclusion is to consumate marriage with a very buxom emotional concept; which means involving ourselves in all sorts of social, political and educational difficulties. Why after maintaining such a doctrine the white sociologist's daughter may run off with that educated darky around the corner. If she did that her father's logic and science would go by the boards.

I do not magnify the difficulties that one meets when essaying to treat the Negro problem impartially and scientifically. Most men who tackle it would be better off if they left it alone, for they are usually so actively engaged in keeping Negroes in their places, explaining his inferiority to pestiferous outsiders, offering solutions for the insoluble, or justifying the excessive Nordicism currently on tap, that they have neither the time nor the inclination to even approach the problem in a scientific manner. And although the social area is one area of our experience that has not been fully rationalized, Dr. Reuter, however has written as nearly as scientific a book in this field as it is possible for a man to write. Here he is far more scientific than he was in his ill-digested tome on the mulatto. He has a sound grasp of the essentials of the problem and presents them in a clear, calm manner. Yet he falls into numerous errors and makes many dogmatic statements, which lack foundation. I'll mere mention one or two.

On page 219, for example, he says that "property values fall" when Negroes move into a neighborhood. Now as a matter of fact property values rise when Negroes move into a neighborhood. For Negroes pay two, three, and even four times as much for the rental of the same property formerly occupied by the whites. Rental value determines market value. And a higher rental value of necessity means a higher market value. So rather than decreasing the property increases in value. Dr. Reuter also informs us (p. 220) that the Negro is "possessed of strong native sex appetite." But where is the proof? He gives us none; nor authority for the statement. And from this fallacious premise he deduces the conclusion that the Negro is guilty of a "degree of sex promiscuity not common to other groups." The Negroes promiscuity, mind you, is not due to environmental and cultural causes, but to a sort of innate sexual hypereasthesia. Dr. Ellis, the greatest of English speaking authorities on sex, holds a view which is the exact opposite of Dr. Reuter's. He writes: "The notion that the Negro race is peculiarly prone to sexual indulgence seems to be due partly to the expansive temperament of the race, and to the sexual character of many festivals—a fact which indicates the need of artificial excitement." And A. E. Crawley, in "The Mystic Rose," saddles this same "strong native sex appetite" on the Hindus. They are surely not Negroes!

Of course the jump from this racial *hyperaesthesia sexualis* to the dogma that the "Negro people are peculiarly prone to commit sex offenses," is quite easy. And the greatest of these "sex offenses," quite naturally, is rape. But the proof offered is very shaky. Statistics in this field are actually deceptive. Even the author's quoted figures show that the percentage of Negro offenses for rape are only 1.8 for every 100,000 of the population; while that of the Italians and Mexicans for the same year, 1904, is 5.3 and 4.8 respectively. James Weldon Johnson proved that there were more actual convictions for rape in New York City alone than there were accusations of rape against Negroes in the entire South. We have only to remember that, in the South, mere *congressus sexualis* between a Negro and a white woman is libelled rape; why even spspicion of libido on a Negro's part for an O'fay is considered rape if the latter chooses to cry "criminal assault." Ergo the South is full of Negro rapists.

"No Negro essayist," says Dr. Reuter (p. 297), "to the present time has succeeded in making a calm objective statement of the race problem." Page Kelly Miller; the authors of the "New Negro." Then on the following page he does not distinguish between the scholarly historical researches of Dr. Woodson and A. A. Taylor and the Ethiopic *blague* of Webb and Perry. In fact, the latter are a logical corallary to Weale and Grant and Stoddard. To call Samuel Coleride-Taylor "an English composer of some Negro blood," is to fall into the usual American fallacy of attributing all achievements of the mixed bloods to their white ancestry. J. Rosamond Johnson is the musician, not Rosamond J. Johnson. These are simply a few of the errors among statements and facts which are on the whole accurate and impartially presented. Dr. Reuter treats the essentials of the problem in a masterly, impartial manner, and the book is worth its shelf-space in every educated man's library.

NOTICE AND CORRECTION

In Mr. John W. Baddy's essay, "Is Christianity a Menace to the Negro," which appeared in the March number, the Latin quotation should have read: "Ex nihilo nihil fit" instead of "Ex nihilo fit."

The poem "A Poetry Religion," which appeared in the February number, should have been credited to Mr. Thomas M. Henry, one of our esteemed contributors.

Mr. James W. Ivy, a young man residing in Hampton, Va., has been added to the staff of MESSENGER contributors. Mr. Ivy will have charge of the book department.

***The* Debate of the Year!**

What Good Are College Fraternities?

Raymond W. Cannon

of Minneapolis tosses the bouquets

James W. Ivy

of Hampton, Va., hurls the brickbats

F'Heavens Sake!

Don't Miss This Debate which appears in an early number of

THE MESSENGER

Coming Attractions

Negro Land Grant Colleges
By Robert Shaw Wilkinson

Sex Expression in Literature
Review by Thomas Kirksey

The Black Man's Bluff
By Lee Selman

Educating Nordics
By Kathryn M. Johnson

The Dupe of Civilization: Battling Siki
By Elmer Carter

The Young Glory of Him. A Story
By Langston Hughes

Variations on a Black Theme
By S. Miller Johnson

In the heat of our struggle for justice and more life we pause before the graves of our fallen comrades.

The following Brothers died during the month of February. With their family and friends we mourn our loss.

Wm. Daniels, White Plains, N. Y.
V. K. Josey, New York City
A. S. Williams, New York City
W. J. Lashley, Minneapolis, Minn.

THE
BROTHERHOOD
GENERAL ORGANIZER RANDOLPH
TRUTH
LOYALTY OF PORTERS
FACTS
SOLIDARITY
KAMERAD!!
PULLMAN CO.
PULLMAN PORTER "UNCLE TOMS"
STOOL PIGEONS
CORRUPT NEGRO POLITICIANS AND EDITORS
APPROPRIATE OFFICIALS
DOUBTING THOMASES ETC
THE PLAN
PERRY HOWARD
MELVIN CHISUM
BISHOP CAREY
HEEBE JEEBIES

YE PIONEER BROTHERHOOD MEN

By A. PHILIP RANDOLPH

To pioneer is to blaze new paths. To pioneer is to dare, to make adventures. Pioneers are the sentinels of civilization. They establish the farthest boundaries of progress.

Such is the task and mission of the Brotherhood. It is a pioneer movement. It is blazing new fields of thought and action for the Negro.

It has dared to defy and challenge the powerful Pullman Company for more righteous wages and working conditions. This move necessarily roused opposition. It was new, strange. The question naturally bobbed up: Why should black men who have been docile Pullman slaves for over a half century, seek the status and recognition of full fledged men? Why would they seek to do what white railroad workers have done? Why should they be dissatisfied with irregular, inadequate tips for the maintenance of their wives and children? Why should they want to want to work only 240 hours a month as other railroad workers, instead of 366 hours on the 11,000 mileage basis? Why should they seek to break up and repudiate the Employee Representation Plan or Company Union and build up an organization of, by and for the Pullman porters? What is wrong with them? Why do the Pullman porters and maids want a living wage instead of $72 per month? which is more than they have ever before received? Why are they demanding rights and not stripes which lulls them into a false sense of security? What has caused them to distrust such welfare schemes as the Pullman Porters Benefit Association, which was organized and controlled for them by the Pullman Company? Why do they sneer at the Field Days which have been staged for them in order to keep them laughing, dancing and singing? Why did they refuse to heed the advice not to organize, of Hon. Perry W. Howard, Special Assistant to the U. S. Department of Justice? What has caused them to question the value to them of Pullman stocks, pensions and free insurance as a substitute for a living wage? Why do they prefer to have their cases reviewed by an impartial government body such as the Mediation or Arbitration Boards instead of the Company's Industrial Relation Board?

These are questions that go to the heart of the whole question of the Pullman porter's struggle to organize for economic justice.

The attitude of mind the questions imply or typify would naturally provoke opposition from the Pullman Company which has the same psychology on the Pullman porter it had fifty years ago. He is viewed as a mere piece of equipment, although he does not get the intelligent consideration material equipment gets such as the Pullman cars. While a Pullman step box is kept in good condition, the porter who handles the Pullman step box is disregarded so far as his being able to keep himself in good condition with adequate wages and requisite rest. While no two passengers would be given the same sheets without cleansing them and giving them rest, a porter will be doubled out as long as he can stand up on his feet without a layover at certain times.

The company does not realize that the porter has changed, that the porter of today is no more like the porter of fifty years ago than the steel cars of today are like the wooden cars of fifty years ago. It can understand white Pullman conductors organizing but not black Pullman porters organizing. But, of course, it will understand and accept the porters' movement to organize. It is inevitable. There is no other way out. The time has come for the porters to organize. They have organized and they will stay organized. They will win.

Organization of the porters will not injure but benefit the company, for the union counsels efficiency, courtesy, honesty, industry, sobriety, discipline, intelligent initiative for the benefit of the company as well as for the benefit of the porters.

The Brotherhood is the outstanding economic achievement of the race and it has caught the interest, cooperation and devotion of some of the most powerful and prominent citizens in America, as shown by the Citizen's Committee of One Hundred. It is perhaps, the most significant committee ever gotten together in the United States of America. The members of the Committee are: Henry T. Hunt, attorney, Chairman; Arthur C. Holden, Sec'y., architect; Rev. Wm. Lloyd Imes, Treasurer; Dr. A. A. Berle, Bertha Poole Weyl, Mrs. Jean Mackenzie Walser, Anna N. Davis, Rev. Edwin Fairley, Dr. W. B. DuBois, editor; Dr. John L. Elliott, N. Y. Soc. Eth. Culture; Prof. Harry A. Overstreet, teacher; Dr. Harry W. Laidler, Director L. I. D.; James Weldon Johnson, Sec'y N. A. A. C. P.; Dr James Neuman. Bklyn. Sec. Eth. Culture; Prof. Robert Lee Hale, teacher; Abraham Beckerman, A. C. W. of A.; Rev. Clarence Howell; Thomas J. Curtis, Pres. Tunn. Wkrs. Union; Prof. Harry F. Ward, Union Theological Seminary; John S. Block, attorney; Dr. Harry F. Coffin, Union Theol. Seminary; Leonard Bright, Pres. B. S. & A. Union; Ernestine Rose, librarian; Lewis Hannett, Asso. Editor, The Nation; Forrest Bailey, Civil Liberties Union; Truda Y. Weil, teacher; Rev. John H. Robinson, Prof. John H. Randall, Jr., teacher; Prof. LeRoy Bowman, teacher; Fannie Hurst, writer; Prof. Paul Brissenden, teacher; Herbert Croley, editor; Mrs. Gorden Norris, N. Y. Fed. of Prof. Women; Bruce Bliven, editor; Rev. A. Clayton Powell; Julius Bledsoe, actor-singer; Dr. J. P. Warbasse, Pres. Co-operative League; Dr. Henry R. Linvale, Pres. Teachers' Union; Ruth Morgan, Vice-Pres. League of Women; Dr. Norman Thomas, Director L. I. D.; Lester A. Walton, journalist; Helen Phelps Stokes, Edward P. Cassidy, printer; Eugene O'Neil, playright; Benjamin Stolberg, writer; Thomas W. Churchill, jurist; Mrs. V. G. Simkhovitch, Director, Greenwich Hours; Wm. H. Baldwin, Alexander M. Bing, Real Estate; Mrs. Alice K. Pollitzer; Rev. John Howland Lathrop, Amos R. E. Pinchot, attorney; Dr. U. Conrad Vincent, physician; Oswald Garrison Villard, editor; Rev. George F. Miller; Rev. John Haynes Holmes, William L. Patterson, attorney; Arthur B. Spingarn, attorney; Prof. John Dewey, teacher; Nicholas Kelly, attorney; Arthur Garfield Hayes, attorney; Gertrude E. MacDougald, teacher; Ordway Tead, N. Y. School of Social Work; Katherine D. Blake, teacher; Joseph Schlossberg, A. C. W. of A.; Morris L. Ernst, attorney; Wm. I. Kelley, editor; B. Charney Vladeck, manager, The Forward; Wesley C. Mitchell, H. Adolph Howell, undertaker; E. C. Lindenman, teacher; Cedric Long, Sec'y Cooperative League; William Floyd, editor; Harriot Stanton Blatch; Thomas B. Dyett, attorney; Mary E. Dreier, Dr. Garry Emerson Fosdick, John E. Nail, real estate; Kirby Page, editor; Mrs. Charles Noel Edge; Prof. Franz Boas, Dep't of Anthropology; Mrs. Henry G. Leach, Dr. Louis T. Wright, physician; George E. Hall, attorney; Lillian Wald, Henry Street Settlement; Stuart Chase, Director Labor Bureau; Eugene Kinckle Jones, Sec'y Natl. Urban League; Morris Hillquit, attorney; Walter Frank, attorney; McAlister Coleman, journalist; Samuel Untermyer, attorney; Prof. E. A. R. Seligman, teacher; Rep. A. C. Garner, James Oneal, editor; John A. Fitch, Alfred Bernheim, economist, Labor Bureau; Heywood Broun, columnist, N. Y. World; Freda Kirchwey, Managing Editor, The Nation; Dr. Robert W. Bagnall, N. A. A. C. P.; Paul Robeson, actor-singer; Philip Umstadter, Pres. Pressmen's Union; Walter White, N. A. A. C. P.; Mrs. Clara A. Goldwater, Prof. Wm. P. Montague, teacher; Frank P. Walsh, attorney; Guy Emery Shipler, editor; Mrs. Charles E. Knoblauch, Florence Kelley, Secretary Consumer's League; Fred R. Moore, editor.

The committee speaks for the responsibility, sanity, intelligence and honesty of the Brotherhood. Our counsel-in-chief is Donald R. Richberg, co-author of the New Railway Labor Act.

With this formidable organization the porters have built up together with the able economic and legal talent we have mobilized, victory is bound to come. Every porter, however, must do his duty pay his dues and assessment. We must win ourselves. No one can win our battle for us. The U. S. Mediation Board nor the citizen's Committee of One Hundred can win our fight for us. They can help us but the porters alone can achieve their emancipation. Let us banish all fear. If we fight and faint not, we shall reap our reward in due season.

Note: The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters is the largest Negro labor organization in this country.

MINUTES OF THE LAST EMPLOYEE PLAN WAGE CONFERENCE ANALYZED

SEVENTH MEETING—By A. PHILIP RANDOLPH

THE welfare side-show for the long-suffering Pullman porter continues. Porter Delegate W. H. Boggs is the end-man. Hear him. "The words Pullman and Service are synonymous." Bravo! Good for Boggs. "To a certain degree, much of this success is due to the efforts of the porters. The Pullman Company sells service. The porters render this service," exclaims Boggs. There you are, Mr. Pullman officials. He continues. "There is much unrest among our group of porters on account of the present low wage scale." Why, what's wrong with Br'er Boggs? Doesn't he know that Br'er Boggs and the Pullman Company claim that Pullman Heebies that Pullman porters are the best paid workers in the world? What is he trying to do? Kid the Company or the porters? Now Br'er Boggs cannot fool the Brotherhood. Of course, he may fool the Company for a while, but take our word for it, not for long.

A. P. RANDOLPH

"It has been stated by outside agitators that it is impossible for the porters to adjust the wage scale with the management with any degree of success. It is claimed the management will not deal fair with the representatives of its employees," solemnly declares?

We wonder who is Br'er Boggs shooting at now. Of course, it's obvious. It's the Brotherhood, but the management has no doubt told him to put the soft pedal on the Brotherhood in the conference. Now, let us be quiet while the brave defender of the poor Pullman Company speaks. "Now," says Br'er Boggs, "I take this opportunity to refute their statement, which was started for mercenary reasons, and I am voicing the sentiments of 83 per cent. of my co-workers, which is proven by their vote."

Now there, there. That's good enough for the blasted good-for-nothing agitators. We hope they know that Br'er Boggs has spoken. He admits himself that he speaks for the small number of 83 per cent. of the boys, wherever they are. How in the world did these darned agitators ever get it into their noodles that the dear Pullman Company, our best friend, would not deal fair with the porters, who are perfectly good members of the family? Why should they care if they are treated like step-children? Aren't they "niggers"? What more do they expect?

Br'er Boggs continues to deliver himself of much wisdom(?). Don't laugh. This is not a regular vaudeville.

"Outside agitators shall never be permitted to disturb the placid relation and felicity in this Pullman group," observes Mr. Boggs. We can hear Messrs. Simmons and Powell now saying with solemn faces, "Amen, amen! Hallelujah! Praise be to Boggs!"

So all agitators should take due notice. They shall not be permitted to disturb the placid relation and felicity of the Pullman group. So every porter should thank his stars for the placid relation of $72 per and the felicity of 11,000 miles per, if he can just get what Br'er Boggs is driving at. Boggs ought to get a good regular welfare berth for that hat-in-hand speech.

Br'er Boggs goes on, "It was brought to our attention that many of us owned homes and automobiles. Now, this is a fact, but it only demonstrates the thrift of the employees. In most cases these homes were purchased in localities where real estate is at a minimum price. They are purchased by making great sacrifices. Wives sought positions of hire; children were taken from school and put to work, and their homes were congested with roomers. This being necessary to meet the required payments."

Now, whatever else might be said against B 'er Boggs, he told the truth this time. But doesn't Br'er Boggs know that the Company and His Highness, Perry Parker claim, perhaps, while chuckling up their sleeves, that the porters were able to buy homes, radios, automobiles, not all Fords, either, out of the grand income they are blessed with receiving on the Pullman cars? What in the devil is the matter with him? It may be that the Company had him to make his speech in order to fool some of the porters into believing that he is a regular guy. Of course, if he were able to deceive the porters, the Company could use him to greater advantage.

Br'er Boggs says further that, "We have also in our possession the present wage scale of a similar corporation, and it is far in excess of the one we submit." What becomes of the Company's amusing claim that the porters had received a 141 per cent. increase since 1913, and hence ought to be satisfied. Evidently, the Company Union boys have gotten out of harness just a little, probably to the disturbance and dismay of the hard boiled Pullman gentry.

But, now and then, Br'er Boggs says some splendid things. Hear him: "The question was asked what is a living wage? Government statisticians place the amount at $2,088 being necessary to supply an American family consisting of two people (man and wife) with necessary commodities of life." Pretty good for Boggs. Too bad he hasn't got the guts to stand up and fight for this. Says he: "Our wage scale will in no wise reach that figure." We should say so. Br'er Boggs is putting over some Brotherhood stuff now. The Pullman wage for porters is just a trifle over a thousand dollars under the living wage set by the Government. Yet the Negro Uncle Toms would have the porters feel that they better be glad they are living.

Mr. Boggs' speech goes on: "We have been warned of the great financial loss our wage scale will incur and the probability of undermining the financial stability of the Pullman Company. Now, I have authentic information that the Pullman Company has just passed through the most prosperous fiscal year in its existence, with a net earning of many, many millions of dollars."

That's correct. Now, if the porters had their own statistical experts, they wouldn't have to guess about so vital a question. Under the defunct Employee Plan, porters are compelled to go into the wage conferences without any expert assistance whereas the Company has all of the experts it needs or wants. Most of the porters in the conference are so thick that they even seek to use the statisticians of the Company, from whom they are supposed to be trying to get something the Company is trying or desires to withhold, namely, wages. Is there any wonder that they are at the lowest rung of the ladder of railroad workers?

He proceeds: "Owing to the high cost of living and the low wage scale, no porter can maintain a home in a respectable neighborhood unless he fills the major portion of it with roomers, which are often of an undesirable character."

This is straightforward talk Br'er Boggs is giving 'em. In conclusion, he says: "Being one of the eighteen delegates elected by 12,000 co-workers to deliberate in their behalf with the monarchs of finance is no small job. . . ." Of course, it is not true that the eighteen delegates represent 12,000 porters. They only represent themselves and the Company, for since they are a Company Union, it stands to reason they can only represent the Company. Their job doesn't amount to anything for they can't do anything except that which the Company permits them to do. All of their decisions can be vetoed by the Company. The Company will not agree to anything it could not suggest itself.

Now, he, in good old handkerchief-headed style, observes: "The leaders of the disturbing element are already on the scene. They are watching our decisions with the eyes of vultures as they hover over the defeated beast, in anticipation of devouring its carcass, but we have the complete confidence of our constituents and the benefit of their prayers that we shall not fail." Poor Boggs. This is supposed to be a bone to the Company. He knows the Company officials will fall for this moonshine, and as a tactful Uncle Tom, he hands it to them.

Now we come to the reply of Mr. Simmons, who, of course, will tell Br'er Boggs and the rest of the Company Union children where to get off.

The Minutes say that Mr. Simmons replied on behalf of the management, reading extensively from U. S. R. R. Labor Board Decision No. 147, giving long lists of reductions in rates of pay prescribed for various classes of railroad, sleeping car and express employees, effective July 1st, 1921, and ranging from $15 to $26.52 per month for railroad conductors, brakemen, flagmen, baggagemen, etc. He also mentioned the

(*Continued on page* 132)

THE OLD AND THE NEW PORTER

THEY DISCUSS THE PLAN

By A. PHILIP RANDOLPH

New Porter—All made down, Pop?

Old Time Porter—Go on back in yo' car. Whatcha up to now, Mr. Smart Aleck?

N. P.—Oh, is that the way you feel about it. I was going to give you a lift—but——

O. T. P.—Why, what d' you say, Sonnie. Don't be so quick to fly off de handle. I was jes runnin' on wid you. You done made down a'ready? Aint feeling so good, son. Shake some of dem sheets for yo' uncle.

N. P.—Sure. I'm a good Brotherhood man, Pop.

O. T. P.—What dat yo' say about dat Brotherhood? You's jined? Don' come foolin' roun' me if you done jined dat crazy bunch.

N. P.—Oh, don't get excited, Pop. You're all made down, now. Is that the way you gointa talk to your friend? What about this talk of reviving the old Employee Representation Plan? You ain't votin' for it, are you, Pop?

O. T. P.—I ain't excited, but I jest don' want no talk in my car 'bout no Brotherhood, dat settles dat, cause de white folks ain't gointa let you organize no union, no how. Is I gointa vote fer de Plan? Course I'se goin' vote fer de Plan and you is too. No you ain't goin' miss.

N. P.—No Employee Plan for me, Pop. It's nothing but pure slavery. If it was any good, why did the Pullman conductors can it? They saw it was nothing but a joker.

O. T. P.—Now, Son, don' lose yo' head. De Plan was fixed up by de Company fer you.

N. P.—That's just the trouble. It was fixed up for us by the Company, and for cryin' out loud, we're fixed, too. Pop, you're a whole lot older than I am, but I want to tell you one thing. Beware of anybody who always wants to *give you something*—nothing to it. You'll pay a bigger price than when you're told you got to pay. You know that.

O. T. P.—Yes, 'specks you'se right dear, Son. Nobody's gwine to give you something for nothin'. But de Pullman Company is our friend 'case it gives us jobs and says so.

N. P.—Cut that stuff out, Pop. It makes me sick. Don't you know the Pullman Company isn't in business for love and it wouldn't keep you one minute if you didn't make profits for it? The Pullman Company has made a higher rate of profit out of our sweat and toil than any other corporation in America has made out of its employees. We made the Pullman Company what it is today. You ought to have brains enough to see that.

O. T. P.—Look out deah, now, hold dat brains stuff. I ain't nobody's dummy Sonnie. Ain't gointa stand fer nobody sayin' I is, neither. You ain't no Solomon yourself.

N. P.—What's that?

O. T. P.—You ain't deef.

N. P.—Well, Pop, I didn't intend to insult you. You don't deny that the Pullman Company wouldn't hire you if it couldn't make money out of your labor do you? Yon don't deny that a good friend is one who is interested in your getting a good living do you? You don't deny that the conductors who turned down the Plan, get a better living out of $150 a month and 240 hours work than you do out of $72 a month and 11 thousand miles or 366 hours work, do you? Then there is nothing to show that the Company is any better friend of the porters than it is of the conductors, is there? If you gotta decide by wages whom the Company loves more, you'll have to agree that it is the better friend of the conductors, isn't that so? It's foolish to contend that any one is your friend who tries to hold your wages down and keep your hours of work up. This is common sense. Now, Mr. Hard-boiled Company man, let me see you do your stuff and get out and from under that.

O. T. P.—Yea, it sho is common sense, all right. But you got me wrong, Son, I ain't no Company man. Well, Son, I was in a meetin' where Mr. Simmons called date Randolph fellow everything but a chile of God. But, you know, Son, I thought it was funny too, dat a white man should take up so much of his good time knocking a young Negro. Dat Randolph man sho is got des white folks scared to death.

N. P.—Yes, and that ain't all. They got to come across for once and lay it on the wood for black men according to Hoyle. They got to put the cards on the table and let us cut 'em. And, of course, it's a bitter pill for white folks to be jacked up by black folks, you know that. But Pop, times have changed.

O. T. P.—Well, Son, I is gointa leab it to you young folks. So far as dis Plan goes, I don knowed it was no good, but Son, I jest bin scared to say so. De "nigger" members of de committees is agin you whetter you right or wrong, case dey is scared ob de white folks, too. You can't 'speck des "nigger" bosses to speak up for our rights when it mought cos dey jobs.

N. P.—That's no reason why you should support the Plan, but a mighty good reason why you should join the Brotherhood. Self-organization is the only thing which will ever free you from the tyranny of petty Pullman officials. They will be compelled to respect you when they realize that you have the guts to stick together, take it from your Uncle Dudley who knows his onions, Pop.

O. T. P.—What is I gotta pay to jine dat Union anyhow, Son?

N. P.—Oh, don't let that worry you. It's only five bones. You know, Pop, the New Negro realizes that the has not only got to fight for his freedom, but that he must pay for his freedom too, if he expects to get it. You heard the saying, "He who pays the fiddler will call the tune," haven't you? Well, nuf sed. Your move.

O. T. P.—Yea, Son, but you don't have to pay anything to jine dat Plan.

N. P.—Oh, yes you do. Don't put that noise out. You pay a price you can't afford to pay, for you give up your liberty, your manhood, your independence, when you accept the Plan. Don't be deceived that because you don't pay out any money you are not paying a price to join the Plan. There is no such thing as getting something for nothing. You've got to suffer and sacrifice, fight and put your hands in your jeans and give up the hard cash for your rights or you get none, that's all, Pop. It may sound hard but it's fair. Other people had to do it, why not we. That's why you can't trust the Plan. It is bought and paid for, organized, controlled and operated by the Company and for the Company. Whichever way these committees vote on your case, you lose, the Company always wins. How I'm doin', yours truly?

O. T. P.—Look out Son, hear comes one of dem stool pigeons. Hold your horses. I know 'em if I lamp 'em a mile off. Dey jest ain't got 'em in de looks, you know. Done lied so much they can't look you straight in de eyes.

N. P.—There you are, Pop. Think of a condition where a Negro will have to sneak around to get news on a member of his own race to trot back with it to the Pullman Company, and for what; just because Pullman porters want to do what Pullman conductors and other railroad workers have done, namely, organize. It proves that organization is the only thing for you. If it wasn't the Company wouldn't fight it so hard.

O. T. P.—Yea, Son. You's tellin' the truth and nothin' but de truth. A stool pigeon represents the lowest dregs of human beings. Any man who will try to cause another man to lose his job cause that man tries to better his condition ain't fit to associate with a dog.

N. P.—Now you're signifying, Pop. You almost got the Brotherhood religion.

O. T. P.—Well, Son, I'm for right and nothin' but right.

N. P.—But Pop, isn't it right that Pullman porters should get a living wage?

O. T. P.—Yea.

N. P.—Isn't it right that porters, as other railroad workers, should have the right to organize if they want to?

O. T. P.—Yea.

N. P.—Isn't it wrong that you should be compelled to rely on a tip here and a tip there according as a man's stomach is good or bad, for means with which to support your wife and children?

O. T. P.—Yea.

N. P.—Well, that's all the Brotherhood is contending.

O. T. P.—Watch your step. Close up your trap. Heah comes the train conductor.

N. P.—Oh, you needn't lose your nerves on account of him. The train conductors are all with you because they are organized themselves. They want to see every train 100 per cent. union. Furthermore, no white man has said a word against this union;

only spineless Negroes sell their souls to the Pullman Company to oppose the Brotherhood.

O. T. P.—I ain't heard no white man say nothin' 'gin the union.

N. P.—But you heard plenty of your folks and my people knocking it, haven't you, Pop?

O. T. P.—Lawd a mussy, ha, ha! Yo' sho is right. I ain't missed hearin' 'em.

N. P.—Look out, old top. Here comes a snitch. Well, how've you been, Pop? (Spoken in loud voice to throw the snitch off.)

O. T. P.—Fairly middlin', fairly middlin', Son. (In loud voice as though he didn't see the snitch. Snitch passes.)

N. P.—I hope he'll fall down and break a leg.

O. T. P.—I don' wish nobody no harm, Son, but I hope to God he slips up on a banana peelin' and breaks his bloomin' neck.

N. P.—Pop, you better sign up—you got everything.

O. T. P.—Quit your kiddin', what kind of evarthin'? Wait a minute, Son, I'm comin' in, cause I'm wid you.

N. P.—That's what they all say. You ain't with me unless you're in the Union, Pop. We can't buy no literature with "I'm wid you."

O. T. P.—But, I ain't hauling nobody, Son, now, and my pockets is jest as clean as a hound's tooth.

N. P.—Well, Pop, I'm game. To show you I'm a good Brotherhood man, I'll lend you a dollar on your application.

O. T. P.—All right, Son. You got de ole man cornered. Gimme de blank. I'll pay you back next pay day. Tips pretty slow now. You're right, we got to hang together or we'll be hung separately.

N. P.—All right, Pop. Give me five; time to receive passengers, now, and keep my lamps on the stools 'cause they're trying to frame me.

O. T. P.—I'm all de way wid you, Son, and if we fight on and faint not, we will reap our reward in due season. (Turning to passenger approaching the car.) What's your berth, sir?

Passenger—Lower seven.

Faithfully yours,

A. PHILIP RANDOLPH,
General Organizer.

Wage Conference

(*Continued from page* 130)

reduction in the Pullman conductor's rate of pay and again pointed out that the porters had not had any reduction in their rates of pay since the war time peak, but on the contrary had enjoyed two substantial increases in their rate of pay in addition to improvements in their working conditions which added to their income.

Of course, this doesn't prove anything. It is as plain as the nose on one's face that the trainmen and Pullman conductors, even after the reduction in the rates of pay, were receiving practically three and four times as much as the Pullman porters. How could the Company reduce wages as low as the porters' and still pay them anything? It simply couldn't be done by a financial Houdini. In plain common day American, it is the *bunk*. But some of the Company Union tribe swallowed it hook, line and sinker. And again it is possible that the worst dummy there saw through it, but because of the slavery of the Employee Representation Plan was scared to speak out.

Even Mr. Simmons felt that his argument was too weak to stand, and hence he called Mr. Powell to rescue a bankrupt argument among any enlightened group of free people. Mr. Simmons knows that he couldn't tell that to any enlightened group of free American workers. Mr. Powell spoke on the detail of car regulations such as "tin can buffets."

Mr. Simmons followed with a suggestion that under Rule 9, in paragraph (d), the closing words which read "with right to appeal to the U. S. R. R. Labor Board as provided in the Transportation Act, 1920," be stricken out and the following words be substituted, "with right to appeal by law," whatever that means. Under the plan, there is no further recourse in the adjusting of disputes beyond the Company-controlled Industrial Relations Board.

The seventh session adjourned. James Sexton, chairman; T. E. Griffin, secretary.

(*To be continued.*)

God in his infinite wisdom has seen fit to call to his reward our fraternal brother Walter James Lashley.

We the local membership of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and representing our brothers throughout the nation, having at present no other method by which we may express our sympathy to his beloved wife, bereaved family and friends, adopt the following resolution:

Whereas our departed Brother has proven his worth to this community and to his race by affiliating with us in the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters for the advancement of our race in general and Pullman porters and maids in particular. He was a man of sterling qualities and exemplary courage,

We commend to God and man the fine spirit of Brotherhood and fraternity as exhibited by our beloved and departed Brother,

Therefore be it resolved that the name of Brother Walter James Lashley be entered on the minute book of our organization and kept as a token of our admiration for his services and as an inspiration to our brothers throughout the nation. May he rest in peace.

Paul Caldwell,
Secretary-Treasurer,
B.S.C.P. Local,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Oakland, Calif., Brotherhood Man Passes Away

Mr. Thomas H. Black, who was taken ill while enroute from Seattle to this city while on his car working, died on January 31st at a local hospital. Interment took place on February 5th. Mr. Black was a staunch supporter of the Brotherhood Of Sleeping Car Porters as well as a member. The organization feels the loss keenly.

At the ceremony where Dr. G. C. Coleman officiated, the following order of services were conducted: Processional, "Flee As A Bird." Hymn, Choir. Scripture. Prayer. Solo D. J. Jones (request). Condolences. Sermon, Rev. G. C. Coleman. Solo, "Some Sweet Day," Mrs. Wilson. Remarks. Lead Kindly Light." Choir. Abide with Me.

The following resolution was read in behalf of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters: "We the undersigned members of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters of the San Francisco District, offer the following resolution. To honor Brother Thomas H. Black in death as well as we respected him in life. To join in a pledge of remembrance which shall, beyond this parting, testify our heart felt sympathy for the loved ones from whom he has been called by the Father who is over all.

Death is a solemn visitor and fills our hearts with sadness, although we know that he is a messenger from God, to summon our beloved brother from the troubles and cares of this world to a life of peace and rest, yet he is unwelcome. We are sad because those so near and dear to us are gone. Perhaps when we better understand the will of God, we will then welcome death and receive him as a messenger when he comes to transfer our spirit from this imperfect to all that is perfect and glorious celestial above, where the supreme Organizer of the universe presides.

Therefore be it resolved: That the B. S. C. P. extend to the sorrowing family its deepest sympathy and commend them to the healthful spirit of God's grace, for patience under their suffering and final happiness issue out of their affliction.

Be it further resolved that a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Brotherhood, and a copy sent to the bereaved family and a copy be printed in the Messenger Magazine.

Respectfully submitted, in unity of action and solidarity of purpose,

A. PHILIP RANDOLPH, Genl. Organizer.
ROY LANCASTER, General Secy.-Treas.
"DAD" MOORE, District Organizer.
D. J. JONES, District Secy.-Treas.

Respected in Life; Honored in Death

Brother William Green,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters extends its sympathy to the loved ones he left behind.

Open Forum

A Voice for Supporter and Opponent

Letters hereafter must not exceed 200 words—the 23rd Psalm had no more!

DEAR SIR: In response to the kind consideration granted us by you and your colleagues, we, as the committee of the colored population here, are inclined to—if language has the power to do so—express our deep and sincere thanks. Your monthly issues are indeed quite an access to us, considering our undesired predicament.

The uplifting, encouraging, and educational articles to be found in your magazine have, we dare say, made some of our men better mentally, morally, and physically. This, I am sure, is enough to rejoice over! And to know that this literature is rendered us without monetary need calls forth a gratitude that is truly impossible to properly express by the senses. We can only say "thank you."

Now as we are about to lay down the worries of the old year and take up the hopes of the new, we want to join you in thanking God for the guidance He has given this little magazine in the past. And in conclusion, we extend our hearty wishes to you and your associate workers for an exceedingly Merry Christmas, and a very Happy New Year.

Your appreciatively,
The Colored Committee,
Auburn Prison, Auburn, N. Y.
EDWIN A. DOUGLAS, 40369, Secretary.
JAMES WHITFIELD, Chairman.
December 18, 1926.

DEAR MR. RANDOLPH:

When we can look back to over the past of many years hence, down to the present time, and see what great works have been accomplished in the last twelve months for you and other members of the race, I as one think it grand and noble to know that we have one among our race who is able and who has the skill, knowledge, courage and the love of God deep in his heart not only to say, "Go ahead, boys!" but who would step to the front and say, "Follow me!"

Let us not fall by the wayside but follow him until the walls of Jericho fall.

I know and you know that faith without work is dead—and work without faith is dead.

The questions have been asked a number of times—who is this man—Randolph? Where is he from? What is he doing? The answer comes back, He is a new Negro; from whence he came we do not know, but what he is doing we all shall soon know. This question is asked not only by members of our own race but by important members of other races.

We should admire Mr. Randolph as a man among men because he has no price; he cannot be bought or sold—so, brothers, pay up your dues and be led by your honorable leader, A. Philip Randolph. I feel that, through the powers handed down to this man by the Supreme and Almighty God, Justice will conquer and Injustice will lose. Can I further say that Right has never robbed any man of his privileges, and two wrongs will not make one right. As I can see it, way down in my heart, we are on the right road to SUCCESS and PROGRESS.

Mr. Randolph, may the God of Heaven bless you in your undertakings in the field of this grand and noble work and enable you to do wonders for this cause. May you not only prove a blessing to the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters but also to the whole race.

Enclosed you will find a check for five (5) months' dues. Hoping that the other brothers will rally to your support in like manner and believe in you as their leader and general organizer, I am,

Your humble servant,
A PORTER FROM THE SOUTH.
December 3, 1926.

Dear Mr. Randolph:

You will please accept congratulations on the March issue of THE MESSENGER. It is indeed a great publication and contains information that should be on file in every Insurance Company's office.

Yours very truly,
Dr. J. E. WALKER, *President,*
Universal Life Insurance Co.
Memphis, Tenn.,
March 8, 1927.

The Pullman Porters' Just Demands

(From *The Monitor,* Omaha, Nebraska.)

The Monitor has been carefully studying the movement inaugurated some months ago for the organization of the Pullman porters for improving their wages and working conditions. That there is room for improvement cannot be questioned. Take, for example, the time basis. While Pullman conductors are required to work 240 hours as a working month, on an eight-hour basis, porters are required to put in from 333 1-3 to 366 2-3 hours as a working month, on a twelve-hour basis. Not only do porters have to put in longer hours, but their pay is far under that of the conductors. The porters are dependent upon the gratuities of their passengers to eke out their salaries. Admittedly this is wrong. The workman is worthy of his hire. Workmen should receive an adequate living wage. This is a sound economic principle which cannot be denied.

To improve these conditions the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters has been organized and is growing rapidly, as it deserves to grow. It is being vigorously opposed by the Pullman Company. Why? If the wage and working conditions are now fair, the Pullman Company has no reason to fear an investigation by the Federal Mediation Board. It was necessary for the porters to unionize to have their case heard by the federal labor authorities. The vigorous opposition to the unionizing of the porters by the Pullman Company would seem to indicate that the company has something to fear.

That the Pullman Company is opposing the unionizing of the porters may be illustrated by what has happened in the Omaha district, and this, it is safe to say, is the method employed everywhere because we are sure the local superintendent whom we know personally and highly esteem, is simply working under general orders. Within a comparatively short time, no less than ten men have been dismissed from the Pullman service. These ten men are all members of the Brotherhood of Pullman Porters. This is a very significant fact. ALL UNION MEN.

It is very evident that neither the Omaha district nor any other district will admit that the union men whom they have discharged were discharged for membership in the union, but it is rather remarkable to account for the fact that men who have been exemplary employees before become infractors of rules which will justify their dismissal after they get their union cards. This rather strange, isn't it?

Now of these ten men who have been discharged in this district, eight are men of families and six are buying homes. This indicates their industrious character. They are not loafers or undersirable citizens but real contributors to the welfare of the community. Loss of men of this character from any community does not help that community.

The Pullman porters are absolutely right in trying to improve their wage and working conditions. To accomplish this they are following the methods that other workers have found effective and that is by unionizing, and intimidation and coercion will not stop them. Their cause is just and will prevail. They ask a living wage and an equitable adjustment of working hours and they will win.

March 7, 1927.

Dear Mr. Schuyler:

Your letter stating that the editorial of January 8th issue, "Not Proud of This Record," was selected by Mr. Eugene Gordon as the best published by the Negro press in January, gave me a great deal of pleasure.

I am of the opinion that this effort on the part of THE MESSENGER will cause better and more constructive editorials to appear in colored weeklies. We know that our efforts are being watched.

Sincerely yours,
E. WASHINGTON RHODES, Editor,
The Philadelphia Tribune.

Editorials

(*Continued from page* 119)

men employ their energy trying to hold Negroes down, in the words of Booker T. Washington, they must remain down, too. This is the sheer mechanics of the race problem in the South or anywhere else.

Now it may be that there will be an emotional revolt against the Supreme Court's decision on the Texas primary law, but it will subside. The South will and must accept, for its own salvation, the Negro as a full-fledged citizen.

IN memory and honor of the great socialist and labor leader, Eugene V. Debs, a high-powered radio station has been planned. Its purpose is to serve as a voice of organized labor in time of strike as well as during industrial peace. The station will also be open to the liberals, progressives and socialists as a forum for the discussion of the problems of the day.

W.E.B.S.

This is a timely and praiseworthy move, which should elicit and command the support and cooperation of all sincere lovers of civil, political and economic liberty everywhere.

Necessity of Negro Banks

(*Continued from page* 117)

it answer to say that we should first organize a bank and then build mercantile establishments. Mercantile organizations must have banking facilities and financial support. It follows that before they can compete in resources and in SERVICE TO THE COMMUNITY AND GROUP, Negro banks must assist in the development of a merchant and business class of its own —in order that the bank's funds as paid out to the individual depositor may again find its way back to the bank.

Best Editorial

(*Continued from page* 124)

In the order named, the following editorials are picked as being next in excellence: 1. "Sixty-Two Years After," Amsterdam *News* (9th); 2. "Professor Miller Explains," Pittsburgh *Courier* (9th); 3. Human Frailties," Chicago *Whip* (19th); 4. "Liberia Awakens," Washington *Tribune* (18th); 5. "We Say Amen to This," Chicago *Defender* (no date at masthead); 6. "Let's Not Fool Ourselves, Business Men," Dallas *Express* (19th); 7. "The Radio, Our Great Benefactor," Norfolk *Journal & Guide* (19th); 8. "Why Negro Business Is Weak," Kansas City *Call* (11th); 9. "A Community Business League," Florida *Sentinel* (19th); 10. "All Measures Have Opposition But the Segregation Law," Dallas *Express* (19th); 11. "The Meek and Lowly," Philadelphia *Tribune* (19th); 12. "The Frat Boys," Chicago *Whip* (5th); 13. "Thunder of Negro Newspapers Stolen," St. Luke *Herald* (12th).

The Prize Essay

(*Continued from page* 104)

Mr. Benjamin Palmer Ladson, Jamaica, N. Y., held the view that because of the oppression, persecution, discrimination, insult and injustices to which the dark brethren are subjected, the Negro should not be "as fiercely nationalistic as his white fellow citizen."

Mr. Arthur L. Drayton, New York City, held that it is inconsistent with human nature "for a man to love the land that denies him life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and that the Negro should stop "playing the hypocrite" and "turn a frowning face upon his white sovereign." He believes that if the Negro does this, America will stop waving the flag long enough to inquire "How Come?"

There were many others less coherent and logical. We consider the essay submitted by Mr. Arthur Huff Fauset, of Philadelphia, Pa., the best of the lot and the $10 (nicknamed "simoleons") have been presented to him.

See Book Offer—Page 102

Notice to Out of Town Porters

Here Is Where the Brotherhood Meets in New York City and When:

ST. LUKE'S HALL

125 West 130th Street
New York City

For the Month of April:

Friday, April 8th
Wednesday, April 30th

All meetings begin promptly at 8:30 P. M.

Every porter should consider it a duty and a privilege to attend these meetings, in order to hear A. Philip Randolph, and keep informed of developments in the rapid forward conquering march of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters.

NEXT MONTH:

Does Orthodox Religion Handicap the Negro's Progress?

By V. F. Calverton, Noted Author, Editor and Critic

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The Aframerican Academy

(*Continued from page* 125)

Mercury" and THE MESSENGER. Mr. Gordon is thirty-seven years young and has "strong leaning toward agnosticism."

Langston Hughes

This young man, who hails originally from Missouri, is the author of two books of poems, "The Weary Blues" and "Fine Clothes to the Jew." He has had a varied and colorful career as farm worker, waiter, student, bus boy, sailor, and was once a school teacher in Mexico, where his father owns a ranch. Mr. Hughes is twenty-five years of age and at present a student at Lincoln University, Pennsylvania. His first story appears in this number of THE MESSENGER.

Romeo L. Dougherty

Probably the most distinguished Negro in this country, hailing originally from the little Virgin Islands. Mr. Dougherty is manager of the Brooklyn office of the thriving "Amsterdam News" and has been sports and dramatic editor of that newspaper for sixteen years. In this capacity, he has been a potent factor in stimulating the Negro's interest in athletics and the theater. Mr. Dougherty is widely traveled, having made over thirty transatlantic voyages "as a passenger." He wields a trenchant pen, and his opinions are closely followed by thousands of Negro readers each week.

George W. Lee

Memphis, Tenn., district manager of the Atlanta Life Insurance Company, secretary of the Shelby County (Tenn.) Republican Committee, and former officer in the A. E. F., George Lee is widely known for his business ability, his fine gift of oratory and his well-equipped mind. He won full recognition for Negro ex-service men in the first national convention of the American Legion, and was the first Negro to be elected to the executive committee of the Department of Tennessee. When the whites got control of the Standard Life Insurance Company of Atlanta, he vigorously opposed the merger of the Mississippi Life Insurance Company (a $25,000,000 concern, of which he was vice-president), and led an insurrection of his 600 agents against the move. He manfully refused a $7,000 job rather than assist in the merger, and revealed the plot of the whites to exterminate Negro companies.

Theater

(*Continued from page* 121)

ty-eight gypsies of high-explosive sophistry. It is hardly imaginable that the debonair Jean will remain in permanent alliance with the puritans and no doubt the next issue of the Mercury will find him back in the camp of the cavaliers. But during his brief service in their ranks he has supplied the yokelry with enough ammunition to last till the California grape magnates vote to repeal the Volstead law.

With an elaborate barrage of speciousness to cover up his line of march over to the enemy, the grand George declares that when opponents of censorship argue, as they frequently do, that fine are never exerts an immoral influence except on a mind already prone to pruriency they not only argue fallaciously but also before the issue by filling the air with a cloud of superfine nonsense. He insists that when art touches certain themes its power to debauch is inherent in the vividness and persuasiveness of its beauty. Hence he forbids his imaginary Jeanne to squander any of her pa's hard earned bucks on "The Captive."

That the eminent Nathan's argument is as sound as a dollar any warm blooded man who has ever listened to Coleridge-Taylor's "Thou Art Risen" knows well enough. The curious part of his apostasy is why does he make "The Captive" his point of departure? While waiting for wiser heads to throw light on the subject, I respectfully submit the following as a tentative answer:

The sagacious critic's loyalty to uncensored art is of a piece with a Liberal's loyalty to uncensored speech. He is willing to battle for it to the death of his last relative-in-law, but the moment his own hide is punctured, he immediately flops over to the opposition. Nathan wouldn't give a happy ..... for the intrinsic worth of all the religion and morality between Heaven and Hades, and so long as art menaces only those and similar institutions he can look on with a calm and indifferent smile. But "The Captive" is something else again. It aims a deadly dagger at the gizzard of every member of the Male sex and the usually cool and insouciant savant excitedly rushes for the old blunderbus and begins to wonder if there isn't an appropriate blue law somewhere. I can both understand and indorse his action, for I, too, burn with zeal to retain the enjoyment of female charms as a permanent masculine monopoly.

Community Nursery

(*Continued from page* 111)

social worker and founder of the first community Day Nursery in St. Louis.

Continuing she said that "the establishment of the nursery will in a marked degree have much to do with laying the foundation and hope of our future generation.

"The modern woman who is satisfied to be but a housekeeper and cook is apt to be thrown into the discard. She must function in her home with her family, then in her social circle with her friends, and lastly in her public life, whether it be club work, church and charity, platform or business."

Mrs. Bridges has been interested for years in social conditions.

The community Nursery, 522 South Jefferson Avenue, was established in 1925 as the result of her untiring efforts. Working mothers now leave their children at the nursery with the assurance that their young ones will receive proper care and training. The Nursery is recognized by the Social agencies of the city as meeting all of the requirements for that purpose. Mrs. Nettie King is Matron of the Nursery and the need of an assistant Matron is being urged.

Mrs. Bridges bristled with spirited emphasis when she recited to THE MESSENGER's correspondent her experiences in getting the citizens interested in the Nursery movement.

"The first movement" said Mrs. Bridges, toward establishing the Nursery was June, 1924. The most difficult part was raising sufficient money. Our first effort was a midnight show given at Booker Washington Theatre. The program was ably assisted by Sissle & Blake of theatrical fame. We realized from that entertainment more than $400. Later, Clarence E. Muse, of Chicago, well known dramatist, consented to come here and give his aid to the cause. Under his direction, Paul Wilstach's classic drama, "Thais" was presented in St. Louis' largest theatre. Upon the request of Mr. Muse, I accepted and played the leading character. The play was a marvelous and successful affair.

"On November 1, 1925, the Nursery was established at 522 South Jefferson Avenue in a nine-room building, with accommodations for thirteen children. The job then was bigger, and there was more work to be done. Soon we realized that the building was inadequate to accommodate the demands from applicants.

"I had been told prior to the establishment of the nursery, that my efforts were futile; that such an institution could not be operated in St. Louis. The theory was based on failures years ago when a similar movement for a nursery was sponsored.

"Citizens gave me their unstinted support; but it was not all sunshine nor easy sailing in order to get the nursery where it is. I had to make many sacrifices.

"I had a lecture tour taking me throughout the city. I solicited contributions wherever I could. I secured through the Wednesday Club, an organization of white women, money and wearing apparel for the children. In fact every garment worn by the children in the nursery was given through the kindness of the Wednesday Club. These women were also responsible for the screening of the building.

"In 1926 the Christmas Carols Association manifested an interest in our work gave $800. It was through the influence of Mrs. E. H. Stedman, of the Community Council and Miss E. E. Souther, wealthy philanthropist, that the Carols Association considered us.

"The ministers were kind and gave financial aid. Holy Communion Episcopal Church, white and Phyllis Wheatley Branch, Y. M. C. A. assisted us in equipments.

"Among our unique methods of getting money was a 'Tag Sunday,' when our workers devoted an entire day to selling tags. This campaign brought us the largest amount of money we had ever raised."

Since the beginning of this year the nursery has been a part of the Urban League and come directly under its activities.

Mrs. Bridges is a native of New York City, where she was graduated from Morris High School. Later she studied at Howard University and has had special dramatic and social work training. In religious circles of New York she is well known. She taught in the Sunday School of St. Marks' Episcopal Church for a number of years and was a member of the choir of that fashionable church.

In a recent election here, Mrs. Bridges was a Republican candidate for committeewoman of the Twenty-third Ward. She is the wife of Dr. W. C. Bridges, a prominent physician in St. Louis.

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UPTON SINCLAIR

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